

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

VOLUME XIII. No. 7.

HARTFORD, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1834.

Whole No. 631.

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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE
CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

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Letters on subjects connected with the paper should be ad-
dressed to PHILEMON CANFIELD, post paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms.

From the N. Y. Observer. CHARACTER AND PROSPECTS OF THE HEATHEN.

NO. 11.

The pleasures of a virtuous marriage, and the
joys that flow from it, have no being in heathen ter-
ritory.

A universal concubinage is the broad and blasting
national curse. We are assured that on some of the
islands of the Pacific there was not, till the Gospel
was introduced, a solitary virtuous character, from
the family of the reigning chief, down to the mean-
est subject of his government. So Paul assures us
of the Heathen in his time, that God gave them up
to vile affections; many of the heathen gods are
worshipped by deeds of impurity. The gods of In-
dia delight in nothing more than in the universal
licentiousness of their worshippers, the very insignia
of their authority are too polluting to be harmlessly
surveyed. Buchanan found himself ashamed to be
mingling with the multitude at the annual festival
of their supreme deity, and incapable of using a vo-
cabulary that would describe the scene. And such
are all the heathen territories that have been explo-
red. Our missionaries revolt from drawing the pic-
ture as too dark to be surveyed. Hence by sure in-
ference the total absence of all domestic virtue and
happiness, and the endearments of family relation-
ship. Every heathen land is filled with unprotected
mothers, and deserted children. The pleasures of
conjugal relation, the family endearments, and the
sweets of home are totally unknown. B—asked
a child, who stood by the corpse of his mother,
while the jackals were waiting to devour it, where
his home was? He answered, I have no home but
where my mother is. Thus in heathen territories
each man, woman, and child stands an isolated,
homeless, cheerless, friendless vagabond, but as he
shall have seized upon wealth and power, and can
oblige his species to serve him. Thus, by this one
iniquity, if no other could be charged to the credit
of the heathen, life is rendered dreary and hateful,
and man assimilated to the beast that roams the for-
ests.

Falsehood, too, marks the character of an unchristian
man.

One of our missionaries told us that there was not
a man about him that would blush to be caught in
a lie, and his station too, was where heathenism was
modified by the formalities of Christianity. He
worships a false God, and has all his creed false, and
false every maxim of life, how can it be presumed
his lips will learn to keep the truth? How can any
obligation to truth be imposed on him when he pays
his highest homage to the father of lies. The judges
of the courts in India, find it difficult to come at
any matter of fact, in dispute, because the witness
cannot be made to feel the obligations of an oath,
and will unite by scores to testify to any falsehood
in which they conceive themselves to be interested.
The most cruel schemes of crimination, exposing
life itself, have been discovered to be false, after a
long process of trial, and after a condemnatory sen-
tence had been given. In all heathen lands the
processes of trial are rendered the most fruitless
source of apprehension, through the perjury of wit-
nesses. Cases are continually recurring similar to
the trial and stoning of Naboth, who must die be-
cause he clung to his patrimony. Thus the tyrannical
of heathen governments is rendered more tyrannical
through the total disregard of truth, which ex-
poses the life of any man who chances to have pow-
erful enemies. In all heathen lands the tongue
is no index of the mind. For the smallest price
every man, from the prince downward, will grossly
lie. "Truth is fallen in the streets and equity can-
not enter."

Cupidity is another marked characteristic of the
heathen.

We have long known that the heathen princes
could be approached only with a present, but we
had supposed this vice peculiar to those in high
authority. Now we know that it is a marked at-
tribute of unenlightened minds. An inspired writ-
er assures us that the heathen are "full of covetous-
ness." The very highest kind of obligations will
be sacrificed for gain. Children will burn their
mothers upon the funeral pile, that they may not
have to support them. The theists committed at all
the missionary stations, previously to the subverting
influence exerted by the gospel, are among the ear-
liest notices from any heathen territory. A chief of
high standing at the Sandwich Islands, robbed one
of our missionaries of clothing, while he was seated
in the room with him. He denied the theft, but
bore away the booty, and, a few days afterward,
unabashedly wore the articles in the presence of the
owner. Very recently, one of our missionaries wrote
us from Borneo, that the night before, his house
had been entered, and all his goods stolen. Mis-
sionaries generally plant themselves down amid a
band of thieves and robbers, and deliver their first
lecture on the subject of honesty. Hordes of robbers
infest every land of the gods. Thus the lowest
traits of character, of which the basest men in Chris-
tendom are ashamed, stand out prominently in the
character of the whole heathen world.

Indolence and improvidence are marked features
of heathen character.

Their chief good consists in exemption from action
and care. Till some fierce or vile passion wakes
them, or hunger, they glory to lie and bask in the
sun, like the snake on the bank of the brook. Hence
a universal poverty, a broad system of beggary,
famine, and pestilence are the habitual associates of
the gods. On the most fertile soils, and in the most
salubrious climate, the numbers diminish for want of
bread. In most heathen countries, few that are
born are reared to manhood. They die of neglect
and want, in the earliest months of life.

I must say a word finally respecting their reli-
gion.

The same men that have held their character in
admiration, have eulogized their religion. Here

God must speak. He declares that they might
know him, "for the invisible things of him, from the
creation of the world, are clearly seen, being under-
stood by the things that are made, even his eternal
power and Godhead." He adds,—"that they are
without excuse, because that when they knew God,
they glorified him not as God, neither were thank-
ful, but became vain in their imagination, and their
foolish heart was darkened." The character of the
gods they worship shows that "they do not like to re-
tain God in their knowledge." They have given
to their gods their own base character; they
have made them proud, and passionate, and hur-
ful, and cruel. Their religion is the worst item in
their character. It is a bloody religion. It consumes
its votaries like a pestilence. It deals in human
sacrifices, and offers its scores at a time, butchering
them by every art of inhumanity. Infants, to an
incalculable amount are sacrificed. I need not tell
you how often they would procure rain, and remove
pestilence, buy victory and pay their vows, and re-
venge their quarrels, by pouring out human blood.
We have learned that the Society Islanders used to
found their public buildings by plucking every gov-
ernment, to the number of some, of many
scores; and our forefathers in England, at the
inauguration of the Druids, on the presence of any
public calamity, would build an immense pile of
living human bodies, and surrounding the pile with
combustible matter, burn it to ashes. We have
read, till our blood chilled, of infants thrown to
sharks, and exposed to the prey of the eagle; of
wives perishing in the flames with putrid corpses
of their husbands; of brazen gods grasping the
living sacrifice in their ignited arms! But I must
turn from the disgusting picture.

D. A. C.

From the Christian Offering. THE NEW HEAVENS AND THE NEW EARTH.

"Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look
for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth
righteousness."—2 Pet. iii. 13.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for
the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."
Rev. xxi. 1.

If, in this lower world, where sin has appeared,
and introduced so many bitter woes, and where even
the very soil has been visited with a curse; if here
Nature smiles so sweetly, and the birds warble, and
the flowers breathe, and the hills wave their woods
on waters that reflect their beauties; if the teeming
wonders of the elements surprise our feeble powers
to describe, and seem to ask for the intellect of an
angel, or the inspiration of a prophet,—oh! how
magnificent will the scenery of heaven appear, when
the curtain which now conceals eternity from time
shall be removed!

"What gardens there, what bowers and vales,
What living streams, melodious gales,
To glad the immortal climes!"

If the sun now shines from the heaven upon a
dark and guilty world with such radiance (and who
has not felt that it is a pleasant thing to behold the
light?) if the silver moon and the stars of heaven
send forth so pure a splendor on a polluted orb,—
what magnificence and glory must pervade the
dwelling-place of Deity, where there is no night,
and where there is the open vision of the great
source of light! If, in the present state, there are
so many modifications of beauty in the world; if the
eye be so eloquent, the form so glistening; if bodies
shineth with such splendor, and grace on their
passage to the tomb,—how glorious to gaze on
bodies of celestial birth, the dwelling-places of pure
intelligence! how joyous to see the whole popula-
tion shining in immortal youth, all free from the
curse which pursues man from the cradle to the
grave! holiness in every eye, and love in every heart!

If here knowledge is good for the soul of man,
and it affords interest to the mind to enlarge its
acquaintance with God and his will, even through a
glass darkly; if man finds a charm in penetrating
into the almost unearthly imaginings of those mas-
ter minds who have made the deepest researches
into the cause and reason of present appearances,—
oh! what ecstasies will be felt when the soul is re-
opened, when all mediums are removed, when we
know all mysteries, when matter and mind are alike
unfolds to our gaze, and we are students of the
universe, under the teaching of the blessed God, the
great First Cause! If here, where our choicest
pleasures are short-lived, where smiles and tears
keep in constant familiarity, and farewells unpara-
dise the greenest spots in our pilgrimage,—if here
we can extract a healing balm from the interchange
of affection,—then what holy joy, what pure com-
munion, where harmony and love are perpetual re-
sidents, and partings are unknown, where the fold
is safe from intrusion, and the only change the in-
habitant knows is from bliss to bliss, from joy to joy,
from glory to glory! If, in this unfriendly world,
where Satan is a prince, and sin bears power, and
impurity mingles itself with our holiest services, and
if even here love can exert such a constraining in-
fluence, and hope can inspire a joy, and faith can
sustain, and faith can give present peace, and reveal the
beauties of the land yet afar off, then, O for a sight
of the land where sin has no place, Satan no influ-
ence, sorrow no subject,—where songs of praise
shall never be interrupted by wandering hearts and
weary powers! If we experience holy pleasure in
meditating on the trials of a Luther, and perusing the
pious aspirations of a Leighton,—in dwelling on the
eventful history of the church, the reasoning of Paul,
the songs of David, and the words of Him who
spoke as never man did,—what will it be to join the
general assembly and church of the first-born, to lis-
ten to the trial of faith from the patriarchs' own lips,
and listen to the universal acknowledgement, from a
multitude that man cannot number. "He led us
forth by the right way?"—above all, how rapturous
the transport when we see Jesus, and are like him,
and walk under his guidance!

If it affords so delightful an employment to the
pious mind to trace the impressions of the renewing
spirit upon the old man, and to trace the agency of
heaven in all the multiplied affairs of a daily provi-
dence, although the eye be dim, and the surrounding
clouds through which we gaze are dense,—then
how delightful to sit at the very feet of the Medi-
ator, and the God of providence, and mark how wis-
dom, and truth, and love, and mercy, were all estab-
lished in the economy of providence, and methods
of grace for our good on earth and our glory in hea-
ven!

If, in solitude and we, now find it good to draw
nigh unto God, and cast all our cares upon the un-
seen Friend,—if true joys are realized in uniting

with our fellow-worshippers in the gates of Zion,—
how transporting will be our rapture when we join
the nations of the redeemed, and enter upon the
gaily company of angels, and have heaven for a
sanctuary, and eternity for a Sabbath! But these
heavens and this earth, with all their beauties, are
fated to disappear; their final hour is decreed by
Him of whom Job said, "I know that thou canst do
every thing; by Him who has declared, 'Behold I
create all things new.'"

There shall be a new heaven and a new earth,
wherein dwelleth righteousness,—a world of truth,
and holiness, and peace; for the mouth of the Lord
bath spoken it. Then why are men intent upon
present scenes, bound up in passing events, satisfied
with short-lived pleasures? Why do not men live
for the whole of their existence? Why, in the en-
joyment of gifts, do they forget the Giver? Why
should the wayfarer man, who dwells in the tent,
forget his home and his fair portion? Let the eye
of faith gaze on the realities of heaven, till, charmed
every thing, by Him who has brought us through
the influence of the powers of the world to come.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLISTENS, OR A SHORT STORY OF TWO GREAT MEN.

I have always been inclined to feel myself be-
neath the commonality of mankind, in original in-
tellect, and of course, a sense of propriety usually
constrained me to stand in the back ground. I sup-
posed, that all men were what they appeared to be,
and where language or dress bespoke high standing
in society, I withheld my lips, even from good, lest
a good cause should suffer, by a feeble advocate.—
But several little occurrences have tended to correct
this practice, and confirm me in the impression, that
"Every man walketh in a vain show."

In the winter of 1829, I had occasion to take a
short journey in the stage. The evening previous
to my setting out, I spent in the village of Rome,
where God had recently wrought such wonders of
grace. It passed away pleasantly, in a circle of
Christian friends, gathered around the fire side of
brother P. As it grew late, we joined in a song of
praise, and bowing before the Lord, severally offer-
ed up our petitions to a prayer-answering God.—
You know in those happy seasons Christians all
prayed. As we arose, I felt strengthened, and fully
resolved henceforth to fear no one but God, and no-
thing but sin. I bade adieu to the little circle of
Christians, and hastened to the stage house. The
snow was about three feet deep, and the night pierc-
ingly cold. In a few moments the stage arrived,
and two pretty gentlemen entered the bar room, and
introduced themselves to the landlord, as Major
Brown, of New York, and Judge Halecomb, of Penn-
sylvania. The latter country was going to Oakes, on an
important business, and the former, by the direction of
government, to take charge of the troops at Sacket's
Harbor.

Each immediately called for a glass of sling, and
then discoursed largely on political matters. Their
language was what the common people call high
flown, and was scarcely intelligible to me; and I
could scarcely bear the thought of riding forty miles
with men, the opening of whose lips would only im-
press me with a sense of my own inferiority. They
waxed warm in conversation, bewailed and cursed
the efforts that were now making to unite church
and state, by forming temperance societies. The
Major finally swore, that he intended to immortal-
ize his name, by putting a ball through the heart of
the first bishop that should take his seat in Congress.
The judge gave him a hearty amen, and assured
him that his name would be handed down to posterity,
as surpassing the Hero of New Orleans. At this
moment the stage was ready, and after taking
another gill of brandy, they secured themselves in a
corner, and resumed their conversation. Ten miles
were very quickly passed over, when we called at
an inn. Here the Judge and the Major repeated
their dose of brandy—cursed the driver, for his slow
progress—complained bitterly of the cold, and ab-
used the landlord, for his poor fire. As they resumed
their seats, the conversation turned upon the sub-
ject of religion. Here both were equally eloquent
and learned. Universalism was their creed, and
was truly astonishing, to such a poor ignorant mortal
as myself, to witness the accuracy of their logic,
and force of their arguments. We let to orthodoxy,
(said I), when opposed by so much talents. One
hour and a half brought us to Camden. Here the
gentlemen refused to leave the stage, on account of
the cold, and ordered the usual beverage to be bro't
to them. For a moment, it seemed to give fire to
their patriotism, wit to their learning, and zeal to
their religion. However, their ardor soon began to
abate, the first became more taciturn, then speech-
less, and finally both fell into a profound sleep. The
sun had now risen, and gave me a full view of those
men, terrible to me even in slumber. Their blood-
shot eyes were but half closed. Their crimson fa-
ces bespoke external cold, while from their distend-
ed jaws issued a column of vapor, in more respects
than one, resembling the fumigations of a still-boil-
ing caldron.

At our next call, they awoke, and saluting each
other by their accustomed titles, determined to go in
and warm. But alas! poor men, they wist not
that their strength was departed. The Judge, at
his first attempt, fell heels over head into a snow
drift. The Major proceeded with more caution,
but he had scarcely reached the ground, when his
lower limbs refused to do their office, and he sunk
under his own weight. By-standers, however, quick-
ly stepped up, loaded as they were with learning, pa-
triotism, and the country's honors, and seated them
quietly by the fire. Here the universal restoratives
were applied, and two glasses of brandy restored
them to their dignity. They became extremely
anxious about their baggage, &c.

After a short stay at Camden, we proceeded rap-
idly five miles, when the gentlemen insisted upon
calling to warm, and lest the same misfortune should
again befall them as before, they took the precaution
to warm by steam, and to have this brought to the
stage. On arriving at Williamstown, I was not a
little surprised to see these two great men remove
their baggage from the stage with their own hands.
Their titles were also laid aside, and they seemed
transformed in all their pretensions.

Upon examination, I found that their baggage
was nothing more or less than two violins, and the
owner's two drunken fiddlers, from Utica. From
that time, when I have seen men who outwardly ap-
peared gentlemen, cursing the cause of temperance,
&c., and drinking brandy, I have remembered the
Judge and Major. And when I see a man pretend-
ing to learning and patriotism, yet despising moral-
ity and religion, I do not fear to reprove him, for I
think after all, he may be only a fiddler.—Cincin-
nati Jour.

From Abbott's Religious Magazine. TEACHING YOUNG CHILDREN TO PRAY.

Most parents think it a duty incumbent upon them
to make a child, as soon as it can lip, repeat the
Lord's Prayer, or some little form suited to its ca-
pacity. I have long doubted the expediency of this
course. The child, in most cases, as he is preparing
for bed, is told, "Kneel down and say your prayers."
Obedient to the command, he drops besides his moth-
er's lap, perhaps half asleep, or with a mind filled
with play from which he has just been called, and
muttered a few words, which he has learned by rote,
and repeated night after night, till it has become a
matter of course. He does it as he would pull off
his shoes and stockings, because he knows he cannot
go to bed till it is done.

It is not necessary that the child's evening prayer
should be thus a mere heartless form. Some effort
and attention on the part of the mother is, indeed,
necessary to prevent it; but it does not require any
more than any Christian ought to be willing to de-
voted to her child. Let her, at the close of the day
take her child upon her knee, and by a few sim-
ple remarks, like the following, endeavor to awa-
ken its heart to gratitude.

"My child, let us talk a little about what has hap-
pened to-day. Have you felt sick to-day?"

"No, mother."

"Have you been happy all day?"

"Why, yes, mother," (perhaps she will say,) "ex-
cept just a little while, when I was vexed, because
the baby tore my book; and then I felt sorry that I
had been angry, because baby did not know any bet-
ter than you know."

"And can you tell me nothing else about the day,
my child?"

"After a little thought—"

"Oh yes, I had a beautiful walk with father, and
—and you know once I was disobedient, and you
had to punish me, and that made you feel grieved."

"Yes, I am grieved, when I am obliged to pun-
ish my little daughter. Now, you know who it is
you must thank for keeping you from being sick,
and who has given you that kind father, who took
you to walk, and who it is will help you to be bet-
ter, and who is listening to us now?"

"Yes, mother: God."

The child will now, with a mind full of the idea
of a heavenly father, kneel, and with the warmth
and sincerity of childhood, offer up its prayer, in its
simple language.

I once had an intelligent boy, of four or five years
old, left in my care for a few weeks. The first night,
as had been his custom, he repeated, with great rap-
idity, a little form of prayer—then started from
his knees, and began to tell me of something that
had been evidently occupying his mind, whilst
kneeling. The next evening I withdrew him at an
early hour from the family circle, and seating him
on my lap, began a review of the day, and endeav-
ored to lead his mind to God. I then told him to
kneel down; he, as usual, repeated the little form;
and I then asked him to thank God in his own words;
With childish reluctance, he said, "I don't want to."
On being further urged, "I do not know what to
say," was the reply. I spoke of his parents,—he
could thank them; would he not thank his father
in heaven for his care, and ask him to be a better
boy. At last he said, "I thank thee, thou hast took
care of me, and I thank thee to make me a good little
boy to-morrow."

This was something gained. I found his reluc-
tance decrease every night; and I thought I could
perceive a beneficial effect on the child, as we ex-
tended our evening conversations, and talked of
God's constant care and oversight. Not long after
our first conversation, in relating the events of the
day, he mentioned one incident, and said, "I felt
really sorry, I did so; I don't always feel sorry, when
I do wrong, but this time I did." Did God know I
was sorry in my heart? Would he have known it
if I had not said so?

This was the first time I had known him volun-
tarily an expression of regret for a fault.

There is probably nothing original in my re-
marks; they may have occurred to many parents,
but it is a deeply important subject, and I should feel
most truly grateful, might I be the humble in-
strument of rousing one careless mother to think
of her responsibility in early cultivating a real,
heart-felt spirit of prayer in children.

From the Religious Narrator. "I COULD NOT KNEEL."

Unknown among my fellow travellers, my mind
was occupied in reflections arising from the scene of
my observation.

I could perceive in the conduct of those around
me an attempt at display. It exhibited itself under
various forms in different characters, from the con-
sequential promenade with a military button on his
coat, to the bustling trifle with her lap-dog, her
apparent equal in sagacity. Here I thought, some
appear to worse, and others to better advantage than
they would at home.

For the female part the first is generally the case,
as the poet says with much truth, "Woman shines
in private life alone," and just in proportion as she
dazzles in public, is her private worth deteriorated.

I happened to fall into conversation with a lady of
amiable manners, in the course of which I mentioned
the name of a Baptist minister of her city, and asked
her whether she had ever heard him preach? She
replied, "I always attend his church; my brother
is a member there, and is a very active, happy
christian." And you too, I hope? She answered
in a desponding tone, "No I am not, but if I am ever
fit, I shall unite with that church." And what
are you going to do to fit yourself? I asked. "In-
deed, I cannot tell, I know I am not what I ought to
be; I am sometimes so affected by preaching that I
think for the time, every rebellious feeling is sub-
dued, but I find myself mistaken. This was the
case not long since. I heard a sermon that melted
my heart into the deepest contrition, and when the
minister said that we should, on our return home,
retire alone, and kneeling before God, ask him to
bless his truth to our good, I resolved to do so; I felt
so humbled that I could do any thing. But you
will scarcely believe me," she continued, "when I
attempted to perform my resolution, my proud heart
reisted, and I could not kneel with the feeling I
then had; it seemed as if no power on earth could
have induced me to bend in supplication. And the
same spirit that prevented me from kneeling, pre-
vented me from praying at all, and my heart was
harder than ever." She was affected with her own
representation, nor was I less so; mingled emotions
filled my heart. Oh, thought I, could the world see

and under stand, it might learn something of the ex-
istence and malignity of sin, and be convinced that
under the fairest exterior, there may beat a heart
which swells with proud defiance against its maker,
and contents his righteous authority. "What
greater proof," I exclaimed, "can one require of the
pride and enmity of the human heart than this? Un-
willing to bow to the best of beings! The
thought is most alarming; certainly it is quite suf-
ficient to show you the dangerous condition in which
you are. How could you meet that holy and mighty
One to whom you refuse the homage which is due
to his name? The proudest of men do not hesitate
to bend the knee to earthly kings, and sue for favors
of infinitely less importance than those which God
alone can bestow." "What you say is true," she
replied, "I am sensible that I cannot meet my God
in peace in my present state; I hope it will not al-
ways be so, indeed I am very unhappy." I begged
her to seek an interest in Christ as her only hope
and way of reconciliation with her insulted Maker,
to submit at once, and yield a willing obedience to
the holy requirements of the Gospel. It was only
the simple command, "Son, daughter, give me thy
heart." This interesting woman reminded me of
one whose case is related in scripture, who, because
she had been a sinner, was with the terms of sal-
vation, was very sorrowful. Yet I entertain the
hope that the beneficent Saviour has a blessing in
store for this wanderer from happiness and God.

DEATH BED OF A CHRISTIAN CREEK INDIAN.

Died at her residence in the Western Creek Na-
tion, Nov. 24, 1833, Nuts Hoyee, alias Wilmut, in
the 24th year of her age. The funeral was attend-
ed on the same day by a large concourse of Indians,
who manifested unusual seriousness during the so-
lemnities and exhortations of the missionaries on the
occasion.

In our affliction in the death of this much beloved
and exemplary member of our little Zion here, we
are consoled with the belief that she has gone to
dwell with that Saviour whom she loved, and who,
in death, was the desire of her soul. We would
record it to the praise of his grace, that the Lord
has visited this tribe of the human family with the
glad tidings of salvation, and has chosen in it, some
who will be trophies of his redeeming love. While
many, of other tribes in the west, have experienced
the value and blessedness of the gospel, a few among
the Creeks in the hour of death, have triumphed in
the prospect of a blessed immortality. Such was
the character of the young Indian named above.

Our deceased sister came to this country, with a
party of Creeks in the autumn of 1828. While in
the old nation, it does not appear that she was at
any time the subject of religious impressions; and,
although she occasionally went to hear the gospel
preached, she was, to use her own words, wild and
thoughtless, more disposed to attend to fiery, than
to the concerns of her soul. When she arrived here,
she found much interest existing on the subject of re-
ligion, in that part of the nation that had arrived
here a year or two previous. There was no mission-
ary in the place at the time; but a pious slave, who
was brought from the old nation, had commenced
prayer meetings, which, through the blessing of
God, proved the means of awakening many souls,
and led many to inquire seriously what they should
do to be saved. Nuts Hoyee was one who attend-
ed these precious seasons of communion with God,
and soon began to manifest considerable anxiety
on the subject of her soul's salvation. As time
advanced, her convictions deepened; she became
daily more sensible of her sinful state; of her expo-
sure to divine wrath; and of the necessity of an in-
terest in Christ. The pride of her heart, however,
kept her long from embracing the Saviour; and it
was with a severe struggle that she renounced her
former idols, and cast herself a ruined and helpless
sinner at the foot of the cross. Her conversion was
not attended with any sudden transport of joy, but
with a calm and delightful apprehension of the pre-
ciousness of her Saviour, and with a comforting
hope that she had given herself to him, and was ac-
cepted of him. About this time, such was the in-
teresting state of things in the nation, that an invita-
tion was sent to the brethren at Union Mission, to
come and break to the people the bread of life.—
This invitation was readily accepted by the mission-
aries, who, after preaching a year and a half, for-
med the little Church of Christ among us. The
subject of this obituary was among those who received
the first year—the number being upwards of forty.—
With her christian experience and humility on the
occasion, we were greatly pleased. Her life since
that time has been one of christian consistency and
exemplary piety. Early after her arrival here, she
was attacked with the dropsy in its incurable form,
and although medical aid was early obtained, her
disease continued to prey gradually and irresistibly
upon her system. During the last year of her life,
she was in a great measure confined to her home,
but at any time she was favored with a temporary
relief from her complaint, she seized that opportunity
to attend the house of God, to inquire in his holy
temple. When deprived entirely of that privilege,
she cultivated more earnestly the spirit of piety, in
secret communion with her Saviour. No impa-
tience or murmuring was witnessed in her conduct
or conversation, though her bodily pains were great,
and continued daily to increase. For some time
previous to her death, she was sensible that she could
not long survive, but felt happy in the thought that
she should soon depart and be with Christ, which
is far better." She was confined two weeks to her
sore and bed, in which time her bodily sufferings,
though great, were borne with christian submission
and firmness. During this short period, she contin-
ued perfectly rational, and spent most of her waking
moments in prayer and in exhortation to those
around her. She prayed for support and comfort in
that trying hour. "O! my beloved Jesus, be with
me—O! my blessed Saviour support me. O! come
and take me to thyself from this world of sin and
sorrow. I long to be away to thy blessed abode."—
These prayers were often on her lips.

She had humbling views of herself. "I am
a poor sinner," she said; "I am nothing, but
my Saviour is my hope; he is my all in all;
and I know that he will take me to himself." She
showed great concern for her friends. "The
only thing that pains me in dying," she said, "is
that many of my friends do not love Christ." She
exhorted her brother with great affection, and
earnestness to forsake his sin and fly to the Saviour
as the only one who could make him happy. Her
husband was peculiarly the subject of her prayers
and her entreaties; and often did the big tear trickle
down his cheeks as she urged him to fly to Christ

for salvation. Her dying exhortations have left a deep impression on many minds, of the importance and value of religion. O, that the Lord would follow them with saving conversion. As she drew nearer her end, her desire to be with her Saviour, to enjoy his smiles, and the delightful rest of heaven, grew stronger, and on the dawn of the Sabbath morn, we trust the desire of her heart was granted, and that

"Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love." F.

N. Y. Observer.

CIRCULAR.

To the Friends of the Baptist Tract Cause in the United States.

DEAR FRIENDS—It is well known to you that the Baptist General Tract Society has been the means of extensive usefulness to our denomination, and that its influence is rapidly increasing. Its operations have now become so extensive as to render it necessary to make further arrangements for its permanent prosperity. The want of a suitable House for a Depository of our publications, from which supplies can at all times be obtained, in which the property of the Society may be safely preserved, and its mechanical operations carried on under our immediate inspection and control, has become a serious obstacle to its advancement. For the rent of a room for a General Depository alone, we are obliged to pay about three hundred dollars a year; while our printing and binding are hired out to persons living in different parts of the city, who are not particularly interested in the concern. Our orders for work are consequently often postponed; by which the operations of the Society are embarrassed and retarded, and its property, consisting of stereotype plates, mechanical apparatus, paper, &c. is necessarily scattered, and more liable to be injured or lost, than it would be if it were safely deposited in a house of our own. With a view of remedying these evils, by placing the Society upon a better footing, by securing to it permanent advantages and a more extensive interest and patronage, the Board of Managers, at a late meeting, adopted the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That a subscription be opened for a fund, the principal of which shall be reserved for the purchase or building of a House for the use of the Society, and the interest, while the fund is accumulating, shall be appropriated to the payment of rent; and that the female friends of the Baptist Tract Cause in the United States be first applied to for this object."

We now make an appeal to you in behalf of the important object proposed in the foregoing resolution. From the interest you have felt in this department of benevolence, as evinced by your persevering efforts and distinguished liberality, (by which indeed the Society has been chiefly supported,) we can appeal to you with confidence.

It is proposed by the Board to purchase or build a House for the Society in the city of Philadelphia; and it is estimated that the cost of a suitable building, including the lot, will not be less than fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. And it is earnestly desired that every female in all our churches and congregations contribute for this object one dollar or more.

For your encouragement, the Board pledge themselves that the friends in Philadelphia will do their part, and that a vigorous effort will be made in all parts of the Union to raise the required sum before the close of the present year. And surely twenty thousand females can easily be found in the denomination, who will feel it a privilege to subscribe one dollar each for the accomplishment of this grand design.

1. We therefore recommend the immediate formation of female associations in all our churches and congregations; and that each association thus formed choose an Agent to receive their subscriptions, and forward the same with the names of the subscribers to the General Agent in Philadelphia.

2. The receipt of the sums thus forwarded, will be acknowledged in the Tract Magazine, with the names of the subscribers, unless otherwise directed; and the money will be put in Bank, or safely deposited on interest, until a sufficient sum, in the judgment of the Board, shall have been collected to warrant the commencement of the building.

3. Each association, contributing not less than twenty dollars, shall be entitled to one copy of the Tract Magazine, from the time of the payment of their subscriptions, till the completion of the building.

4. The names of all the subscribers, with the places of their residence, and the several sums subscribed, will be carefully registered in a book, which, after the building is completed, shall be kept in a niche of the same, prepared for the purpose, as an everlasting monument of female benevolence.

In conclusion, we request that this Circular be read in public, that every female friend to the cause may have an opportunity of manifesting her love to the Redeemer by contributing her mite in aid of this object. Being fully convinced of the necessity and feasibility of the plan, and having deliberately and prayerfully resolved to use the necessary means for carrying it into speedy effect, we hope a subscription will be immediately opened in every place, and returns made without delay.

A copy of this Circular will be sent to every pastor or supply of our churches in the United States; and every minister receiving one, is requested to read it in his congregation, and without delay put it into the hands of some efficient female, and assist her, if he please, in procuring subscribers.

By order and in behalf of the Board,
I. M. ALLEN, General Agent.
JANUARY 23, 1834.

At a meeting of the Board of the Baptist General Tract Society, held February 15, 1834, the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved, That the Society have learned with pleasure, the interest manifested by its friends in different parts of the country, in its prosperity and usefulness; and specially in a plan for raising funds by subscription for the erection of suitable buildings for its operations; and that they recommend to the Baptist churches of this city and elsewhere, an efficient co-operation in the plan proposed.

A Presbyterian minister gives the following account of the state of things in Georgia.

I lately spent a month in the three lowest counties of Georgia—Camden, Glynn, and Wayne; the population of which may be estimated at 5,500 whites and 10,000 blacks, and may be greatly increased, there being extensive tracts of excellent land as yet uncultivated.

There is a hospitality among the people, which would actually hinder a missionary from being at any expense except in the purchase of his horse and clothes; and this not only among the few Christians scattered here and there, but in the house of every man. The expense of myself and horse, during a month, was fifty cents, and even this was left entirely at my option to give or not.

You are not ignorant of the change which is in progress at the south on the subject of slavery; not that the people are forming themselves into the con-

tending ranks of colonizationists and abolitionists, nor that under the excitement of anticipated insurrections, they are removing exciting materials or superfluous strength from among them; but that under the influence of the Gospel, which of late years has been preached in some parts with peculiar force and influence, they are waking up to the truth that they are surrounded by accountable fellow immortals, who, through their influence, have been kept in a state of ignorance, and for whom they are to some extent, as the parent for his family, responsible to a common Governor and Judge.—Bap. Register.

Missionary Intelligence.

From the Baptist Register.

We are indebted to Dr. Paine for another interesting letter from Br. Kincaid,

Poh-gon, May 21, 1833.

My Dear Sir,—I left Rangoon on the 6th of April, in a Burman boat, forty feet long, and five feet and a half wide, having two assistants, seven boatmen, and cook, all Burmans, and about twenty thousand books and tracts. I would be glad to give you all the particulars of the journey up to this date, but it would so much exceed the ordinary length of a letter, that I must content myself with mentioning a few things only.

I begin with preaching, as that was made to stand foremost in the labors of every day. We have a short discourse every evening on board the boat. As soon as we come to any large village or town, Ko Shoon goes into one part, Ko Son Lone into another, and I go into a third. Our preaching meets with various success. It is seldom the people remain stupidly indifferent. When every attractive feature of their gods is shown away, and principles openly and boldly urged, which subvert the very foundation on which they have built their dearest hopes, some become very angry, and manifest a savage cruelty in their language; others deliberately take up their weapons of defence, and enter into the field with no small degree of skill; others see the nakedness of heathenism at once, and listen eagerly to the word of God. In some towns we meet with opposition from every quarter, and in others, all appear to be anxious to hear and read.

From all I have seen, I should suppose that idolatry was losing its hold on the public mind. Among the thousands and tens of thousands of pagodas, idols and other monuments of heathen superstition, I have seen but two or three newly built; the greater number are heaps of ruins already given to the moles and the bats.

I will give a little idea of the face of the country. The Irrawaddy, like the Ganges, discharges its waters by many mouths into the ocean. This is always the case where the soil is alluvial. This country, nearly as high as Rome, has been redeemed from the ocean by deposits of earth and vegetable substance, carried from the high districts; consequently, it is an immense plain, and in the highest degree productive in every thing peculiar to its tropics. On reaching Prome, the face of the country is changed; mountains are to be seen in every direction; but those which appear most interesting, are a chain of mountains running nearly east and west, separating Aracan from Burmah. Since entering this uneven country, the mercury has risen ten degrees. By sunrise it is at 80° and 88°; by sunset in the morning it rises to 92°, and during the day it continues to rise to between 92° and 100° in as good a shade as my boat will furnish. Though the heat is so great and oppressive, I enjoy good health, and can endure about as much labor as I did in America. However, for eight or ten days past, I have lost my strength very much, but this I attribute entirely to the want of good and wholesome food.—Often I can get nothing but rice, though fowls exist in great abundance. On reaching Ava, this difficulty will cease; for, as in Rangoon, there are many foreigners, whose habits of living are more like ours.

I cannot tell you much about the towns, except in a general way. A description of one town, would, in most cases, be a description of all. Some, however, are more happily located than others; of this description is Po Gung, a city extending about two miles along the west side of the river, not far from Prome. One of the noblest rivers in the world on one side; the Aracan mountains rising abruptly from the plains on the other; the vale back of the town, spotted with an hundred villages, all shaded by beautiful fruit trees, seemed to render it a most lovely situation. One appendage, however, spreads a gloom over the whole surrounding scenery—the gods of the heathen, grinning horribly, sit upon their thrones in all their groves.

This city, or rather this mass of ruins, was once a royal city. We have spent a whole day among the ruins. Some of the temples are still entire, with all their spacious halls, chambers, images, and inscriptions. Their construction is different from anything I had ever conceived, both within and without. There are four grand entrances, east, west, north, and south. Besides these, in the large ones which I visited, are many small entrances about six feet wide and ten feet high. The walls are ten or twelve feet thick; and the whole interior is cut up into immense arched halls, crossing each other at right angles, and so passing quite through the temple, between two and three hundred feet in length. Niches are formed in the walls and idols placed in them, so that whichever way you turn your eyes, the gods are staring you in the face. Some of the idols are twenty feet in height and well proportioned. You can scarcely imagine the feelings that are awakened in one's bosom, while from the summit of one of these lofty towers, he looks down these widely scattered ruins. Here, a succession of fifty or sixty kings have swayed the imperial scepter; here, about eight hundred years ago, in the reign of Nout-zou, idolatry was first abolished by royal edict—monasteries, temples, and all their appendages, started into existence. What multitudes of intelligent beings, from age to age, have gone down to the grave, wrapped in the darkness of Paganism! An awful gloom overspreads the region of the tomb, and the dearest hope of the idol-worshipper, when he comes to the close of life, is annihilation! Oh! sir, I am free to confess, the more I see of the heathen, the more I am shocked at my own stupidity. While walking alone in the arched halls of these temples, about one hundred feet from the ground, I looked out upon the world around me in order to chase away a gloomy feeling which had insensibly stolen over me. I gazed a little time upon the Irrawaddy, which washes the western walls of the city; and then to the east, north and south, as far as the eye could reach, took a survey of this once proud city. Alas! for human greatness! the glory of the world passes away! I am treading upon the ashes of kings and nobles, long since forgotten! This has been the grave of millions!

While reflecting thus on the ages past, that command uttered on Mount Olivet, eighteen hundred years ago, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," came home to my heart with untold force. How many Christians, when I ought to have been planting the standard of Jesus on these ruins! How little I consulted the glory of

God, and the eternal happiness of my fellow men! Could I have looked on the face of Jesus while these words were falling from his lips; could I have seen the compassion that breathed in all his words and actions; could I have caught a little of that spirit that fired the bosom of the apostles, I should never have sat down, young and healthy as I was, preaching to a few hundreds, when millions were perishing without a ray of light. I now feel ashamed of that timidity which has sometimes oppressed my feelings, while going away from all Christian society, and getting still farther away from the home of my youth. Had I a hundred lives, I could cheerfully devote them all to publish the gospel among these millions. Never can I forget the crowd of unutterable thoughts that have filled my mind to-day. The gospel never appeared more lovely, its spirit more amiable, or its reward more glorious. You see I have deviated widely from the mark. I intended to have given you some little account of my journey, but I have slid off to a description of my feelings. Out of the abundance of my heart I have written.

You are aware that there are some dangers connected with travelling into the interior of Burmah. But from all these dangers we have been preserved. We were constantly hearing of robberies, and, in two instances, of murder, along our path. At one place where we arrived, ten murderers had been beheaded the day before. In one instance, I thought we were falling into the hands of unfeeling robbers ourselves, and our deliverance seemed truly providential.

We left Mo Loon on the morning of the 11th of May, and while we were doubling a point, about five miles from the city, ten armed men rose up and came to the side of the boat. Just at this instant, two small boats, manned by twenty-three men, were coming towards us with great speed. The ten armed men on the shore, seeing this, retired a little. My men on the outside of the boat called out, "Teacher, come quick, come quick, the robbers are upon us!" We had on board, one musket and two holster pistols. I told my men to threaten them, and order them to stop; but all was to no purpose; a sudden silence seemed to tell their design. My men cried out again, "Teacher, if you do not come, all is lost!" I immediately sprang on shore with one pistol in my hand; told the men to follow me, and at the same time begged of the ten men on shore not to fire; but assist us against the robbers in the boats. But it was in vain; they had fled, leaving every thing but their weapons behind. These men had robbed a boat that morning, of sugar and various other articles, all of which were lying at a little distance from the water. Two of my best men had left Mo Loon on foot, for the purpose of passing through a number of villages which lay between that and the next large town. Two others, when danger was nigh, ran and hid in the water, so that I had but six men left. These were faithful—said they would follow me if it would cost them their lives. I gazed a moment upon these naked savages—in the morning the morning of the 11th of May, I felt around me a ten-fold strength, and walked down towards them, at the same time telling them to stop, or some of them would be shot immediately. They dropped their arms. I told them the first man that raised a weapon would die! We were ready to execute this threat; and they had so much evidence of it, that no one raised a weapon. One man, for the first time, spoke—"We are not robbers!" I said, "then go out into the river, and pass by us; but if you don't love death, come no nearer our boat." They let their boat fall astern a little, then wheeled and rowed off rapidly in the same direction they came. I will not attempt to describe the emotions of joy we all felt when these lawless freebooters were seen flying away as rapidly as they came. We now saw a large Burman boat coming down the river, laden with merchandise, the sight of which had probably facilitated the flight of the robbers. We now looked around for the two wretches who were on shore, and saw them nearly half a mile off, on a sandy plain. As soon as we had got some distance away, they returned to their plunder, but made no advance towards us. The Burmans are not cowardly; but a white man is invincible in their estimation. They probably got the impression while at war with the English.

I see my sheet is filled, and I have not told you half that I would. In my journal to Dr. Bolles, I have noticed particulars. It will be sent by the first opportunity after reaching Ava. To all my dear friends in Galway, you will kindly convey my best wishes and Christian love. I remember the church with a feeling that I cannot describe. I love to remember that people. I hope to see them again, and bring along with me a lovely company of redeemed souls. Oh! that will be a happy day! Pray for me—pray for the poor heathen. In a few days more I expect to reach the "Golden City," what things will befall me there, I know not. I shall next address you from that place.

Your unworthy, though affectionate brother,
EUGENIO KINCAID.
Dr. L. C. Paine.

REVIVALS.

From the N. Y. Bap. Register.

CHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1834.
DR. BEEBEE—We have enjoyed a very pleasing revival during the last fall and winter. About the 1st of September, our meetings became unusually solemn. At our covenant meeting, the 5th of October, two persons related the dealings of God with their souls, and wished to unite with the church, but were not ready to go immediately forward.

The Thursday following, we commenced a protracted meeting, which continued 5 days with much interest. Many of the church were revived; some backsliders returned; some old hopes quickened, and a few who had recently passed from death unto life, gained strength to take up their cross.

On Saturday, the 31 day of the meeting, I baptized the first mentioned together with two others. The next Sabbath, I baptized six more. At the several different times since, I have baptized ten, making in all twenty, since the work began. What adds very much to my joy, and I hope to my gratitude, my son, a lad between nine and ten, is one of the number.

Yours truly,
THURMAN HENDRIX.
ALBION, Jan. 25, 1834.

We have enjoyed a most precious protracted meeting; not indeed distinguished for noise and tumult, but for plain and pungent exhibitions of divine truth, humble and fervent prayer, and faithful and affectionate admonition of pious friends; and, on the part of the sinner, a deep sense of guilt and just condemnation, and entire dependence on Christ for salvation, attended, as we humbly trust, with godly sorrow and gospel joy.

Eighteen have already put on Christ by baptism, and as many more are anticipating the privilege. From thirty to eighty occupied seats designated for the anxious, at different times. How many have embraced Christ for salvation, eternity will disclose.

Yours in Christ,
WHITMAN METCALF.

A Christian should never plead spiritualty for being a sinner; if he be a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish.

Extract of a letter from Elder Alfred Bennett to the editor of the Cross, dated

ELIZABETHTOWN, Ky., Feb. 9, 1834.

Dear Br. Chambers—

For the last ten or twelve days, I have been confined by sickness in this place, but although now convalescent, yet I am totally unable to undertake and fill the appointments made for me in the lower country by brother Wilson, and published in the Cross of the 30th January.

I have reason to bless God that in being confined in a land of strangers, I had such a favorable location. After being seized on the road, I was aided with a carriage, and conveyed into the affectionate family of our dear brother Samuel Hayercraft, Esquire, where I have received every attention that could be desired. I was also met 9 miles from this place, by Dr. Slaughter, who there, and after my arrival here, gave me every attention in his power, aided by the counsel and personal attention of Dr. Young, so that when the Lord shall ask, "Lacked ye any thing?" I must say, Nothing.

The attention which I have received from friends and physicians has all been gratuitous, which is another proof of the interest taken in spreading the gospel in all the world.

Yours with esteem, as ever, in the Gospel of Christ,
ALFRED BENNETT.

N. B. My sickness has been a heavy billious attack, occasioned by a sudden cold. I am in expectation now of riding this week, and of being able to preach some.

A. B.

For the Secretary.

PERSEVERANCE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

"No tree is cut down at one stroke," and it seldom happens that incipient efforts to promote the cause of God, are followed by any decided success. By this means faith is put into exercise, and gathering strength even from obstacles, surmounts every difficulty, and goes forth, like the God from whom it is derived, "conquering and to conquer." A single sermon, "a word in season," or, as it is in the original, "a word on the wheel," that is, a word which harmonizes as it were, with present circumstances and feelings, and is carried along with these, to its immediate and proper effect, will often produce the most blessed results; but this is not the usual method in which God carries on the designs of his mercy, respecting the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. No minister ought to stop short in his efforts to promote the salvation of souls, though no immediate success be granted; but trusting in the veracity and goodness of "a covenant keeping God," he ought to persevere, being "instant in season and out of season," till the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his hand. If one stroke, by preaching or conversation would do, let him repeat it again and again, and he will find the tree beginning to yield and fall before the force of divine truth. "Our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God," &c. "The Gospel is the power of God to salvation."

Conversation with unregenerate persons is a most effectual means of promoting the cause of God. It is often more extensively blessed even than preaching itself. No doubt the perfection of the ministerial work is to combine them; and when this is the case, they will, through faith and prayer, be found to be irresistible. Brother N. W., of W. a man of pious piety and apostolic zeal, I believe, does more good by his conversations, than his preaching, although by this means, his preaching itself is rendered more efficient. But conversation, to be successful, must be repeated again and again. If a first effort of this kind does not produce the desired effect, we may console ourselves, and, at the same time, be stimulated to renewed efforts by the consideration that "a tree is not cut down at one stroke."

Perseverance overcomes all difficulties, for even a stone is worn away by the continual dropping of water.

The writer of these desultory remarks, had occasion some time ago, to attend the funeral of a young person who was cut off in very peculiar and painful circumstances. At the close of the services, he took an opportunity of conversing with an individual who had been very wild, and careless, respecting his immortal interests. "By-and-by," said I to him, "I will you, too, be laid in death, and carried to your long home." "I know it," he replied, with a careless and somewhat contemptuous air. "O how important then," added I, with as much earnestness and solemnity as possible, "that you should be prepared for the awful change." "Why," said he, "were I to die this moment, I believe I should be happy." "What," answered I with astonishment, "do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes, I do," was the reply, tendered with the utmost nonchalance. Here I was put to a stand, concluding that I had perhaps mistaken his character. But one of his friends coming up, then addressed him, "When was it that you first began to believe—have you met with a change of heart?" "No," said he. Here I saw the true state of the case, and concluded that he was something of a Universalist. I then addressed him thus, with as much seriousness and force as I could command. "Sir, you awfully deceive yourself. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.' 'Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.' 'It is appointed for all men once to die, and after death the judgment.' I do solemnly believe, therefore, that were you to be called to die now, you would be overwhelmed with anguish and despair. O, sir, your soul would stand shivering on the brink of eternity, awfully reluctant to take the final plunge. You may depend upon it, if there is truth in the word of the living God, that unless you repent, you must perish eternally!" He stood it out bravely; still, I could perceive a slight, convulsive quiver upon his lip, which indicated some internal struggle. Here I left him. He went immediately to one of his companions in sin, and as they walked along, he appeared to be telling him the whole story, joking and laughing at the same time. I prayed God to bless the seed sown, and hoped that notwithstanding all the obstacles in the way, it might spring up, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. Nor was it without some good effect, for he began to attend upon the means of grace more frequently, and with greater apparent attention. I therefore took another opportunity of conversing with him. He now confessed that he did not believe what he said at the time of our former conversation. I then pressed the subject more earnestly, and exhorted him to repent,—to read his Bible, and to cry to God for mercy. He became more and more serious, attended almost every meeting for preaching or prayer—read his Bible night and day, and took opportunities of conversing with the people of God; and if we are not deceived, he is now "rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory." He has told his relatives, some of whom are genuine Christians, that he used to wonder why they should trouble themselves so much, in talking to him upon the subject of religion, but his only wonder now was, that they had talked to him so little!

Let the ministers of the Gospel, and private Christians too, for they may do much by conversation and prayer, in spreading the triumphs of the cross, "not be weary in well doing, for in due season they shall reap if they faint not."

The same ideas may also be applied to prayer. Hence we are exhorted "to continue instant in

prayer," that is, to press on in the continued discharge of this important duty, "to pray without ceasing," and in every place "to lift up holy hands without wrath and doubting." Young converts are often discouraged that their first prayers are not answered as they expect. Perhaps there has been some defect,—perhaps they have limited the Holy One, as to the time and mode of his answer; perhaps too, God may be trying their sincerity and faith. Let them act like the Syrophenician woman, who plead once and again, but received no answer, except one of discouragement. Her faith, however, waxed stronger and stronger, and she even ventured to reason with the Saviour. Then the moment of triumph came, and the Saviour exclaimed, "O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee according to thy word." Then let young converts proceed.—Their everlasting happiness may depend upon it.

"Ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Thus, too, let more advanced Christians pray, not only on their own behalf, but in behalf of their relatives and friends,—the Church with which they stand connected,—the neighborhood in which they live, and a perishing world around them. Their first prayers, either in private or in public, may not appear to be answered, although we do not believe that a single petition uttered in faith—a single groan heaved by a breast burdened with sin—a single tear flowing from a penitent heart, can ever be lost. They will all be remembered by a faithful God, and though not, perhaps, answered in the way we anticipate, will at last be all gathered together, and form a cluster of gems in that crown of glory which shall never fade away. The Lord loves a holy importunity on the part of his children, and will ever reward it with an abundant blessing. How many children have been the subjects of ardent prayer to their fathers and mothers till their dying day, have, when the bodies of their parents were mouldering beneath the clouds of the valley, been convinced of sin, and brought home to the God of their fathers. "And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. And the Lord said, hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God, the good, the gracious? 'shall not God avenge his own elect, though he bear long with them?' This is the very idea we are attempting to establish, that God will not refuse to answer the prayer of a true believer, but will answer it with an immediate answer, for he will always hear prayer. "I tell you he will avenge them speedily." Brethren, don't give up your private prayer: do not give up your prayer meetings. They are the very life of the church. Never be discouraged. God will appear for you, and revive his work most gloriously, through your instrumentality. We do not, for a moment say, that immediate answers to prayer may not be expected and desired. Far from it, for this will always be the case with strong faith, and the stronger your faith the better! All that we mean is, that, supposing immediate answers are not given, you are not to stop short, but to continue instant in prayer, believing that God will hear and bless. "They that feared the Lord, spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written,"—if he do not interpose in our behalf now, he will not forget it, and will by-and-by, "for them that feared the Lord, and called upon his name."

A beautiful story is told of Monica, the mother of Augustine, that great and good man, to whom religion was so much indebted in the fifth and sixth centuries, with which we shall close these remarks. She was a woman of deep and ardent piety, and her son Augustine was, therefore, a child of many prayers. But he was thoughtless and wild, and self-willed and proud within. If he recollect rightly, he had adopted the extravagant and dangerous errors of the Manicheans, and ran headlong in the career of folly and vice. His mother was deeply grieved on his account, and felt as if her prayers were useless. She went to her bishop, (or pastor) and requested him to talk with her son. This he had done before, and had found the young man so full of himself, that his disputes with him seemed only to render his prejudices and error more inveterate. He therefore declined complying with her request, regarding it better, in the mean time, that she should continue praying on her son's behalf. But she could not be satisfied, and entreated him upon her knees to grant her desire. But he would not, (whether right or wrong in this, I will not say,) and replied with some warmth, "Go, good woman, it is impossible that the child of so many prayers should be lost!" She returned home, and continued her supplications in secret to God, on behalf of her son, and she had the high and holy satisfaction of beholding him in a few years, in the most wonderful manner converted to God, and afterwards engaging in the cause of Christ with untiring zeal and success. The same efforts were made to bear upon her husband, who was a heathen, and it is reported that he too became a Christian before his death.—Believe, go thou and do likewise, for "the mountains shall depart, and the hills shall be removed, but the loving-kindness of God shall never depart, neither shall the covenant of his peace be removed."

R. T.

Extract of a letter from Rev. J. B. Ballard, dated GREENSBORO, N. C., Feb. 11, 1834.

DEAR BR.—

I had a good journey from Connecticut to this state. My health has been good ever since I have been here. The winter has been mild; the ground has not been covered with snow but once this winter, and that lasted only a week. There is now no snow on the ground, no frost, nor ice. The spring birds are singing,—frogs, peeping,—people are ploughing, and at work in their gardens,—children running in the streets barefooted, and the windows are opened.

In relation to the cause of religion, there is nothing specially interesting in the state. On the whole, it is rather a low time. The cause of education is gaining ground. The legislature of the state has incorporated, this winter, three institutions of a literary, and to some extent, of a theological character; one Baptist, one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian. The Baptist school is located at Wake Forest, in Wake county, and called "the Wake Forest Institute." It is upon the manual labor plan. The school has already commenced under auspicious circumstances. They have a farm of 600 acres, with very good buildings, which cost \$2000. Br. Samuel Wait is the Principal, and Br. Merriam, from Vermont, superintends the management of the farm. Students are required to work three hours each day. It is hoped this institution will exert a good influence upon our denomination in this state.

The Sabbath School cause is also gaining ground. It is true there is some opposition here; but the cause is progressing, and it must progress. There is one agent in the state, besides myself—a Presbyterian brother. We have established some eight or ten depositories of Sabbath School books, at some of the most important points, from whence the schools can easily obtain books for libraries. We have al-

ready for the first time, so as to get great quantities of the first great continu-

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ready formed a number of schools, and we hope by the first of March, to have more agents in the field, so as to make a general effort throughout the state at that time. The southern enterprise promises great good, and I hope our friends at the north will continue to pray and contribute for its success.

The Temperance cause is progressing. There are no persons licensed to sell ardent spirits in this (Guilford) county. There are nine stores in this village, but none of them sell ardent spirits, except as medicine. The candidates for the legislature have ceased to treat at the elections. (I speak now of this county.) The practice is becoming disreputable. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that this practice would become unfashionable?

For the Secretary.

Br. Caulfield—

Circulars prepared for the collection of funds for the benevolent objects of the day, have been issued by our Baptist Convention, and forwarded to the churches; and as nothing has gone with them to explain their design, I have been requested by the Board to prepare an explanation for the Christian Secretary.

It is well known that collections for various objects are often neglected in our churches, until near the time of the meeting of the Convention; and therefore not unfrequently several important objects are omitted, because collections for each cannot well be taken at once in the usual manner, without detriment to some one object at least.

Again, the congregation generally not having expected but one collection, come prepared for one only, and in case two are presented, they can only divide what was designed for one.

If the several objects are attended to at different periods during the year, they then come so often, that the contributors become comparatively discouraged by the frequency, and of course lose their interest more or less in all. Now the object of these circulars is to obviate all these difficulties.

The pastor of each church to whom they are sent, calls the attention of his people to them in any way that he deems most expedient to secure the advantage of their object.

If for instance, in church meeting, he calls upon each individual present, by inquiring, 1st, How much will you give per month for Convention missions, this year? 2nd, How much for Foreign missions? 3d, How much for the Education Society? 4th, How much for Tracts, per month? If the answer is, only one cent per month for each, this is 50 cents a year in the total sum; if 25 cents a month is given to each, it amounts to \$12.00, and so of any other sum in proportion. The church then appoint a committee to wait on all absent members of the church and congregation, and they will contribute to each or all the objects, as they deem proper. The amount of the whole can be forwarded at the annual meeting of the Boards, to the treasury of each society named, and credited accordingly to the various churches and societies who furnished such amount.

This plan will furnish a system of action for any future year, if found expedient, and every subscriber can net deliberately, from a conclusion made in his own closet, or elsewhere, and not give from the impulse of the moment, as most of our contributions are given.

I will only add that these circulars have been delayed from causes unknown, and it is important that they soon be attended to, and dated back to June, 1833, in order to secure the full year's collections needed for our next meeting of Convention at Hartford in June.

Hope that all our churches will receive them, and fill their blanks with good subscriptions.

I am yours, &c.

J. H. L.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, MARCH 1, 1834.

REVIVAL AT WETHERSFIELD.

Our readers will recollect that two weeks since, we noticed the ordination of Br. John Holbrook, and the commencement of a series of religious meetings at Wethersfield. We would not say more of the events which have since transpired, than facts fully justify; but we think it due to the praise of God to say, that early after, or rather at the moment of the commencement of the services, the Lord was graciously pleased to hear prayer, to bless his word, and to revive the languishing graces of his children. The preaching has been entirely such as plain unvarnished truth required. The total native depravity of the human heart, the total helplessness of sinners, but by the sovereign, efficacious grace of God, and the power of the Holy Spirit alone, to convince men of sin, of righteousness, and judgment to come; these sentiments, delivered with much clearness and pathos, have been accompanied by divine influence, to the hearts of impenitent sinners, causing them to come trembling and prostrating themselves, crying, "Sir, what must we do to be saved?" Such has been the case with men of gray hairs, and of persons of all ages, down to 10 or 12 years. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, men and their wives, have been seen together prostrated at the altar, for prayer; from 9 or 10 in number at first, every day increasing the number, till, at the end of 12 days, nearly or quite 80 persons at once, were constrained to bend their knees, while a goodly number of hopefully converted souls were ready to attest to the anxious, the joy themselves had felt in reposing upon the blood and righteousness of the Son of God. Prayer has seemed to be answered with an unusual quickness. For 12 or 13 days, preaching was had every afternoon and evening. Crowded assemblies were constantly in attendance, and prayer meetings as yet continued at six o'clock, A. M., conference and prayer in the afternoon, and preaching in the evening.

The gracious influence appears to be still spreading, and long may it continue. Of the number renewed by grace, we are uncertain, but hope it is not less than 40, or thereabout. It has been truly cheering to see that veteran soldier of Emmanuel, Eld. Wm. Bentley, permitted to aid and enjoy a series of meetings of so long duration, and so eminently blessed; and that, in the church of which he was once the pastor, in a house erected by his own procurement, and in the place of his family residence; and following directly the ordination of Br. Holbrook, whose ministry with that people was entirely at the instance, and pecuniary risk of Br. Bentley. He has been assisted by the pastor, and by Br. S. Shaler one evening, by Br. S. S. Nelson, and by Br. Farmer, a licentiate; most of the time, and occasionally, by brethren A. Holmes, and G. F. Davis, of Hartford. Old people will understand us when we say, it has been and is yet, such a work in manner and energy, as characterized revivals

among Baptists, forty years ago. What the result will be to the Church, remains to be seen; but our prayer is, and we hope others will pray, that the work may not cease till all the people of that wealthy and populous town shall be turned to the Lord.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR ROSTAN, Baptist Missionary in France.

With deep emotions of sorrow, we announce to the public, on the authority of the New York Observer, the death of that very pious, devoted, and talented servant of God, the Rev. J. C. Rostan, who died at Paris, December 5th, 1833, of that fatal scourge of man, Asiatic Cholera. He was in health at noon on that day, and before the next morning, was numbered with the dead. His age is not precisely recollected, but is believed to be rather under forty years. Thus has that being who sees the end from the beginning, taught us another and impressive lesson of human frailty, as well as dependence on Him.

The qualifications for usefulness in France, at the present juncture, seemed as nearly all concentrated in Mr. Rostan, as could be expected in an individual. The labors in which he has been engaged in that country, since his return thither from America, the manner in which those labors have been performed, the impressions made in favor of the Gospel, the piety of the man, the extent and adaptiveness of his talents, both natural and acquired, all conspire to induce a conviction that he could not *not* be spared. But God knows best what will subserve the interests of the Gospel, and secure to himself a revenue of glory. To His mandate, let the friends of religion in France submissively bow, while they fervently pray that he will supply other laborers, on whom shall rest as eminently the spirit of the apostles.

On the evening of the 25th inst., the Temperance Society met in this city to unite in the effort of nations to give one simultaneous impetus to the great cause of disenthraling the world from intemperance. Sundry addresses were made, which were listened to by a full assembly, among whom it was pleasing to notice a great number of young men.

As we are not among those to whom the doings of this society are sent for publication, we can only state the above facts.

We are authorized to say to the Editor of the Vt. Chronicle, that the statements referred to by him, were not made at random. We are not sure that we understand exactly what he means by "persons concerned;" but we are willing, if necessary, to give the names of three persons of reputation for piety, intelligence, and veracity, to sustain the statements in the Secretary. We think there is no hazard in the case.

MIDDLETOWN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

On Thursday, the 20th inst., a meeting was held in the Methodist Episcopal church, in the city of Middletown, to hear the report of a Committee previously appointed, to take into consideration the expediency of forming a Colonization Society.

After the reading of the Report of the Committee, several interesting addresses were delivered in favor of forming such a society. A Constitution was then read and adopted, and the following persons chosen officers for the ensuing year, viz:—

Rev. W. FISK, D. D. President.
Rev. J. COOKSON, V. President.
J. WEBB, Esq., Sec'y.
C. WOODWARD, M. D. Treasurer.

Managers.

Rev. S. Pyne—W. E. Hulbert—Professor A. W. Smith—J. Bliss—D. Harrison M. D.—T. Miner, 2d, M. D.—A. May—J. Tobey—L. D. Vansandt—H. Clark.—Communicated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a number of valuable communications, but too late for insertion this week. They shall be attended to.

R. T. has our thanks for his favor, and is requested to continue his correspondence.

We have received a volume entitled *Female Biography*, which, for want of time to examine, must be deferred till a future number.

New York Baptist Register.—It affords us pleasure, to see this efficient auxiliary to the cause of religion, commencing in its 11th vol. much enlarged and improved. Its place of publication in the centre of the "Empire State," will ever enable it, so far as location is concerned, to exert a widely extended and powerful influence in favor of the interests it advocates. We wish it a full accession of the patronage awarded it by a late resolve of the New York Baptist Convention.

MISS DRAPER'S SEMINARY.

The proper education of Females is an important subject, and at the present day, is exciting the attention of the more enlightened portion of the community, in a much greater degree than formerly. Mere tinsel and ornament will not now pass for pure gold; for it has come to be understood, by all sensible people, that the solid branches of education, are to be first acquired; such as will prepare our daughters to discharge the active duties of good, intelligent, and faithful mothers, and become suitable companions for men of business and of sound practical wisdom.

If circumstances will justify, the ornamental branches of education should then be superadded. Connected with such a cause of education, especial pains should be taken by instructors, to give a right direction to the moral feelings of their pupils. The anxious enquiry is urged by the judicious and affectionate parent, Where shall I place my daughters with the fairest prospect of securing to them the great advantages above suggested? Without intending any disparagement to other similar institutions, the writer is happy to say, that from experiment, he is enabled with the fullest confidence to recommend the one taught by the Misses Draper in this city.

A FATHER.

Good's BOOK OF NATURE, abridged from the original work, adapted to the reading of children and youth, with questions for the use of schools, and illustrations from original designs; pp. 224—Boston, Allen & Ticknor, 1834.

This work is precisely what its title imports, a book of Nature, and eminently arranged and adapted to convey to the reader in an easy form, a knowledge of the subjects treated of in its different parts, embracing matter and mind. The chapters are short, the language concise, the definitions and descriptions lucid, rendering it suitable for schools; to the use of which we recommend it. It is prettily printed in quarto form on good paper, and is not only embellished with wood cuts, but well bound. We think it highly deserving of patronage. For sale by Roderick White, Exchange Buildings.

THE FATHER'S MAGAZINE, published monthly in New York, by Goodrich & Wiley.—We have received the second number of this valuable periodical. It contains 16 octavo pages, handsomely printed and done up, for one dollar a year, in advance. If the contents of future numbers equal what has already appeared, we can only say to every father, "take the Father's Magazine." If you are a Christian of any name, or whether you are pious or not, whether you are a Deist, an Atheist, or a partizan of R. D. Owen, Abner Kneeland, or Fanny Wright—if you are a father, take and read this magazine; it will do you good.

THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE, by G. D. & J. Abbott, Boston, is another periodical, in praise of which too much has not yet, nor is likely soon to be said. Its contents are rich and varied, but in all respects adapted to its design—"to exert a direct moral and religious influence upon the mass of society."

AMERICAN BAPTIST MAGAZINE.—We trust the mass of our readers will not think it too much for us to repeat our commendations of this valuable work, and to urge it upon them by motives growing out of our full belief in the truths it advocates. The last number contains much matter worthy the attention of Baptists. And while we accord full approbation to every kindred work, we acknowledge yet an honest partiality to the distinguishing sentiments of the Baptist church.

EXCHANGE PAPERS.—We take the liberty to request editors at the south and west, with whom we exchange, to enclose their papers in firm and thick wrappers, as of late, many papers which have reached us through the crowded marts of Vanity Fair, are literally worn to lint. They come not only soaked with water and worn out, but covered with mud, as though they had travelled on the bottom of an open wagon, in the rain and muddy roads. We do not complain of any one concerned in the transportation of the mails, but of those who do not guard papers sent, against the possibility of injury in careful hands.

Mr. FRITCHARD, the Lambert of America, is exhibiting himself at the American Museum, New York. His height is 6 feet 2 inches—5 feet 10 inches around the shoulders, and legs as large as the body of an ordinary man; his weight is 520 lbs. When moving about on foot, he presents the appearance of a giant. His respiration is difficult when sleeping, unless his head is elevated quite above his body, and he then snores very loudly.

General Intelligence.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

ELEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

PORTUGAL.—The Pantalon arrived on the 13th Jan. at Falmouth, from Lisbon, with dates to the 13th. The differences between the government and the duke of Terceira, were settled. The army of Don Miguel has suffered considerably from sickness. No movements had taken place between the armies. It is stated that Don Miguel's forces were not more than 6,000; but the fortifications are so strong that it would require a much greater force to dislodge them.

PARIS, Jan. 16.—The Memorial Borda of the 13th inst. confirms in the following terms, the news of the resistance of the Captain General to the Spanish government.—"We have received news of the most importance, through several different channels. Catalonia has risen in a mass in the name of liberty, under its military chieftain, Llauder. This is the first cry of Constitutional Spain. Llauder has demanded of the Queen, in his own name, as well as in that of the 45,000 armed men which he had at his disposal, liberal institutions."

Madrid is tranquil, but disquieted by Llauder's demand. There is reason to believe that several other Captain Generals, such as Quesada, Valdes, Morillo, are about to demand the dismissal of the Ministry.—We ardently desire the success of this revolution, for such it really is."

The Indicator of Bordeaux of the 13th inst. has the following from Bayonne, dated the 11th:—
A courier from the British embassy at Madrid, arrived here last night. He left that capital on the morning of the 8th, when all was perfectly quiet, and performed the journey without the necessity of an escort. The courier has important despatches from the Courts of St. James and the Tuilleries, the Captain General at Catalonia having, in the name of the province, demanded a Constitution of the Regent. The number of signatures to the address is said to be nearly 50,000. This it was which occasioned the dispatch of the courier. By a decree of the regent, El Pastor has been appointed brigadier, and consequently is announced; it is well known that he, as well as Mina and other chiefs, were banished for the attempts made in November, 1830."

The Vapor of Madrid states that Don Gregorio Alvarez y Perez, a canon and treasurer of the church of Burgos, had been arrested, and was in the chapel preparing for execution, when a courier arrived with his pardon. He was so much affected by this unexpected clemency, that immediately on being released, he wrote and published a pamphlet, exposing all the manoeuvres used to mislead the people, and urging them all to range themselves under the banner of the lawful Queen.

PARIS, Jan. 16.—It has been asserted on "Change" that the queen, yielding to the necessity in which she is placed, has consented to the convocation of the Cortes, and has changed the Ministry.

The only news from the frontier, that is worth mentioning, is that of a new combat on the 8th with the Carlists, in consequence of which they were again dispersed.

FAKINE IN RUSSIA.—The Swabian Mercury gives the following letter from Odessa, dated Nov. 22:—"The general danger becomes very alarming, and it is impossible to foretell what may ensue. Every article of food is becoming daily more scarce and dear. There are whole villages in the neighborhood of Odessa that are entirely deserted, the inhabitants having left them

in hopes of finding bread elsewhere. The sea of Azov is no longer navigable, so that we have no chance of receiving supplies from the opposite shore."

Twelve days later from Spain, direct.

The dates from Madrid are to the 17th January. On the 16th Jan., a most daring and deep-seated conspiracy of the Carlist party was discovered. The plan was to destroy the Queen Regent, her two daughters, the Infant, Don Francis his wife and all his children—in fact to destroy all the Royal family. Many of the most distinguished persons, of all ranks, had been arrested and thrown into prison.

The Liberator became so indignant at the conduct of the Premier, Zea Bermudez, and his fellow ministers, by whose negligence the conspiracy had so nearly been accomplished—that they repaired to the house of Zea Bermudez on the night of the 16th, for the purpose of destroying him, but being unable to find him, they destroyed all the furniture and valuables.

The excitement was so great that the Queen changed her government at once, by removing all her ministers, except Zureca del Valle, of the War department.

Nearly all the Captains General of the various Provinces have addressed the most energetic representations to the Queen requiring a representative government, and demanding the immediate assembling of the Cortes.

A war between England and France on the one hand, and Russia on the other, continues to be spoken of by both English and French journals. The clause in the treaty between the Porte and Nicholas, which interdicts the passage of the Dardanelles to ships of war of either of those two nations, is the cause of complaint, and both powers appear determined to stop the ambitious projects of which they accuse the Emperor Nicholas. These are denied by him in a half official manner. Should he be sincere it is extremely probable that the fleets of the two great powers, now assembled in considerable force, will present themselves before the Turkish capital. Should even the governments be anxious to avoid a war, the feeling existing by the people of both England and France, would probably force them into hostilities.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.—It would appear by the late advices from Europe, that the fears of England and France, in relation to the aggrandizing plans of the Emperor Nicholas, are about to be realized. The Czar has far to be the first to disturb the tranquility which has so long prevailed in Europe. Mahmoud has enemies in Constantinople, as well as in Egypt and Syria. The once proud and mighty Ottoman Empire, is now weak and powerless, and its downfall is evidently near at hand.

High in pride, in blood, and in spirits, the Autocrat casts a longing eye towards the fertile plains of Turkey, and seeks to add to the empire of Constantinople the capital of the Russian Empire. He is now ready to send forth his legions, as Xerxes did of old, so numerous, that

"The rear lay wrapped in night,

While the dim dawn eyed the broad front,

And led the battle on."

The Emperor of Russia has also in the Euxine Sea, within three short days' sail of Constantinople, a naval force of two ships of the line. The French Government, as if aware of an approaching struggle for the capital of the East, is preparing a powerful armament in her thirty thousand yards, to be accompanied by twenty or thirty thousand troops. It is given out that this warlike preparation is intended to be sent to the province on the coast of Africa, formerly dependent on Algiers.

Nor is England idle. The Admiralty have lately given orders to fit out immediately, eight sail of the line and several frigates, which with others already in commission, will constitute a force of 11 sail of the line, and which, added to the squadron in the Mediterranean, will make a force of 18 or 20 sail.

Whether these formidable preparations will cause the Czar to pause a while, ere he nominally takes possession of Turkey, time only can unfold. But Nicholas is now in the prime of life, talented, ambitious, popular as a sovereign, and with immense military and pecuniary resources. If he does not extend his dominions by seizing on the fruitful soil of Turkey, while it is fairly within his grasp, we are in our estimate of human nature.

The Hon. WILLIAM WIRT died at Washington, on Tuesday, Feb. 18th, aged 62 years.

At a meeting of the bar of the Supreme Court, Mr. Webster announced the death of Mr. Wirt. The customary resolutions were passed, and Mr. Southard was appointed to deliver a discourse to the bar on the character of Mr. Wirt.

Mr. Swan, Mr. Jones, Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Southard, Mr. Sergeant, and Mr. Peters, were appointed a committee to address the family, and to request that Mr. Wirt may be buried in Washington, and that his professional brethren be permitted to raise a monument to his memory.—Narrator.

A GREAT MAN IS FALLEN IN ISRAEL.—Died, at Bethlehem, on Saturday morning last, suddenly, the Rev. LEWIS D. VON SCHWEINITZ, the secular head of the Moravian Society, or *Unitas Fratrum*, in America, aged 52 years.

The deceased was a descendant of Count Zinzendorf, one of the founders of the society, and was distinguished as much by his talents and scientific attainments as by his urbanity and gentlemanly deportment, and unaffected piety.—*Easton (Pa.) Whig.*

Flour is selling in Pittsburg, at \$2 75 per barrel.—*Phil. World.*

CASPAR HAUSER.—The mystery which hung about the origin and early life of this extraordinary young man, is said to be in a way of explanation. It seems according to an account which we find in an English periodical, that Caspar Hauser was the fruit of an illicit amour; that a priest, the reputed father, took charge of the child from the moment of its birth, and finally enclosed it in a subterranean hole or vault in a convent where he was residing; that thus imprisoned and shut out from all human intercourse, the unhappy being passed his existence, until within a day or two of his being found as related in the history of his life which has been published, when the priest being compelled to quit the convent, and having no other place of concealment at hand, released and left the boy to his fate. The chain of circumstantial evidence by which thus much of the story has been made out, is so well put together as to leave little doubt that the true elucidation has been hit upon. The above outline has been communicated in conversation, by M. Kluber, the celebrated writer on Public Law, who first discovered and is still following the clue. When he has thoroughly sifted the matter, it is expected he will favor the public with a memoir on the subject.

An Accomplished Artist.—A late London paper contains an account of the examination of Mrs. George Tweed, Esq., who was committed for trial under the following circumstances.—

She stopped her coach before the shop of a respectable tradesman in Peabody, and requested to be shown some silks, satins, &c. After selecting a quantity, worth about £50, she requested that the clerk might proceed to her dwelling with the bill, where she would pay it—not having brought her wallet with her. The clerk accordingly entered the coach and it was driven, he little imagined whither. The lady stopped in front of the mansion of a respectable physician, and informed him that her son was in the carriage in front of his house, in a state of lunacy. She described his symptoms, stating that he supposed himself clerk of some establishment, and was continually talking about collecting bills, being swindled, &c.—She proposed to leave him in charge of the doctor for a few days, enjoining upon him to keep the young man confined, as it was dangerous that he should be at large. This agreed to, the unsuspecting clerk was

ushered into the apartment of the physician, where he was confined nearly two days as a lunatic; and it was not until the M. D. had sent a servant to the supposed residence of the lady, that he would heed the exclamations of the prisoner.

PHILLIS WREATH.—It gives us pleasure to state that a Memoir of this extraordinary African, who lived most of her life, and married and died in this city, is about to be issued, in handsome style. It is from the pen of a relative of Mrs. Wreath's, who has most industriously looked up all surviving anecdotes relating to her heroine, and will contain, what is truly a desideratum, the poems complete, and also the likenesses prefixed to the original edition published during P.'s visit to England, and dedicated to her friend the Countess of Huntingdon. The husband of Phillis was a colored man, named Peters, who kept a small grocery, and sported a cane and queue in Court street, not long before the Revolution. The work will be read with interest corresponding to the romantic history and rare genius of the subject.—*Boston Mer. Journal.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday evening last, by Rev. C. C. Vanarsdale, Mr. Albert G. Sawtell to Miss Caroline Carter.

At Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Charles Goodwin, of this city, to Miss Eliza C. Howland, of the former place.

At East Windsor, by Rev. Mr. Lee, Mr. James Pelton to Mrs. Betsey Bassell.

DIED.

In this city, Miss Margaret, daughter of Capt. E. Flower.

In this city, Mr. Henry Ridge, aged 33, son of Mr. Emmons Ridge. Mr. Wm. B. Boardman, aged 41.

At East Hartford, Mrs. Sarah Belden, aged 69.

Mr. John White, aged 33.

At Burlington, Dec. 15th, Mrs. Lucy Case, aged 73, wife of Mr. Ozias Case.

At Farmington, Mr. Ansen Kilbourn, aged 42.

Mr. John Hart, aged 42.

At Litchfield, Mr. Thomas Stevens, aged 91—a revolutionary soldier.

NOTICE.

THE Rev. Mr. Henry, at the request of the Hartford County Peace Society, will repeat his address at the Centre Church, on Sunday evening, March 2d, at 7 o'clock. After which a collection will be made in behalf of the society.

The friends of peace, and the public, are invited to attend.

AT a Court of Probate holden at Hartford, within and for the District of Hartford, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1834.

Present, ISAAC PERKINS, Esq. Judge.

THIS Court doth direct the administrator on the Estate of Ezekiah W. Brown, late of Windsor, in said District, deceased, represented to be insolvent, to give notice to all persons interested, to appear (if they see cause) before the Court of Probate, to be holden at the Probate Office in said district on the 8th day of March, 1834, at 1 o'clock, P. M., to be heard relative to the appointment of Commissioners on said estate,—by posting said order of notice on a public sign-post in said Windsor, nearest the place where the said deceased last dwelt, and by advertising the same in a newspaper published in the county of Hartford, at least ten days before said pleading.

Certified from Record,

ISAAC PERKINS, Judge.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE BY

F. J. HUNTINGTON.

Bridge's Exposition of Psalm 119, as illustrative of the Character and Exercises of Christian Experience. 1st American Edition, from the 6th London edition. Wellhosi, or the Polish Sisters.

Memoir of Rev. George Sumnerfield, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Listener, by Caroline Fry.

Memoir of Roger Williams.

Do. Rev. E. Cornelius.

Ripley's Examination of Stewart on Baptism.

Works of Rev. Andrew Fuller.

—ALSO, JUST RECEIVED—

Cumbe's system of Phrenology.

Do. on the Constitution of Man.

Do. on Mental Derangement.

Spurzheim on Phrenology.

Do. on Physiognomy.

Do. on Education.

Do. on the Natural Laws of Man.

Do. Outlines of Phrenology.

MISS DRAPER'S

Seminary for Young Ladies.

THIS Institution, pleasantly situated in a retired part of the city of Hartford, has now been in operation two years. In its management, the design of Miss Draper is, to promote the physical, moral and intellectual improvement of the young ladies committed to her charge; and the course of study and modes of instruction, are in accordance with rational and approved methods of attaining these important objects.

The course of instruction comprises all the introductory branches of an English education. When the pupils are grounded in these, they proceed to the higher branches of study, National and Civil History, Mental, Moral and Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geometry, Algebra and Astronomy; all or any of which may be attended to at the wish of the pupils or their guardians. Latin, French, and Music are also taught by able instructors; the proximity of the establishment to Washington College, enabling Miss D. to avail herself of the assistance of literary gentlemen connected with that Institution. To all placed under her care, it is her wish to discharge the offices of a guardian and friend. By the cultivation of tenderness of conscience, and a high sense of honorable feeling, she induces them voluntarily to reform her deviations from right conduct, of which they may have been guilty; and this method of government has been found so successful as to preclude the necessity of punishment.

Young ladies are received into her family at \$2 50 per week, exclusive of fuel, lights and washing. The year is divided into two terms of 22 weeks each, commencing on the second Wednesday in May, and the second Wednesday in November. Terms of tuition are as follows, payable one half in advance;

In all the English branches, \$12
Music, 20
Use of Piano, 5
French, 12
Latin, 12
Drawing, 12

Pupils are not received for a shorter period than a term, or the remainder of a term, from the time they enter. A class of children in the introductory branches will be continued at \$3 per term. A small additional charge is made in the winter time for fuel.

Reference is made to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brown, Rev. N. S. Wheaton, Rev. G. F. Davis, Rev. G. Robins, Hartford. Rev. Titus Strong, Greenfield, Mass. J. M. Goodwin, S. H. Huntington, George Beach, J. B. Gilbert and J. Savage, Esqrs. Hartford.

Hartford, May 1834.

POETRY.

For the Secretary.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

If there's a time completely blest,
Abstract from worldly care,
Wherein the soul may sweetly rest,
It is the hour of prayer.

If there's a time when we can tread
The world, with every snare
Beneath our feet, and think them dead,
It is the hour of prayer.

If there's a time the soul may rise
Above the vale of despair,
And view its God with sweet surprise,
It is the hour of prayer.

If there's a time when God looks down
With special grace and care,
When mercy smooths stern justice's frown
It is the hour of prayer.

If there's a time when Satan feels
To yield in deep despair,
'Tis when he sees the Christian kneel,
Within the "bower of prayer."

Christian, can you forget this hour?
Can you its blessings spare?
If not, each day go to your "Bower,"
Improve the hour of prayer.

A. G. P.

From the S. S. Journal.

HYMN.

By a Tract Distributor, in Philadelphia—sung at the prayer meeting, Thursday evening, January 30.

Lord of glory, who didst honor
David's humble sling and stone,
Ancient Israel to deliver,
Now as weak an outcast own:
Bless the labor
Which our feeble hands have done!

We, a noiseless, winged stranger,
To the scattering winds have given,
Warning of the sinner's danger,
Pointing to the gate of heaven:
Give entrance
Wherever now 'tis driven.

O! that on its simple pages,
Heartfelt grief for sin may flow,
Grief which love divine suggests,
Grief which none but Christians know:
To salvation,
Let repentant tears drop slow.

And when faith the mourner raises,
When to Jesus he shall look,
When his heart is filled with praises,
And a sinful world's reproach,
Let him thank Thee
For this transcript of thy book.

O! may every sorrow of sorrow
Find a balm of healing here,
And Death's gloomy valley borrow
Holy light to calm the fear,
Human weakness,
Which thine own dear children share.

It is gospel seed we're sowing,
On the good and fallow ground
Bearing, weeping, without knowing
Which shall fall and which abound:
Holy Spirit!
Let it verdant spring around.

And when the great harvest's ended,
When the Master counts our sheaves,
O! let those by us attended,
Be as numerous as the leaves
Which we scatter,
And a dying world receives.

Jan. 23, 1831.

V.

From the N. Y. Observer.

MORAL AND POLITICAL STATE OF FRANCE.

BOULEG, (Lower Seine,) Dec. 15, 1833.

Coalition of Workmen—Republican Party—Trial of twenty-seven conspirators—Important article in the Journal Des Debats—Letter of his Majesty Louis Philip, to Dr. Chalmers.

How strange is the destiny of the French people. For forty years they have been seeking to unite order with liberty, and they cannot succeed. Sometimes liberty is stronger than order, and then there is anarchy; sometimes order is stronger than liberty, and then there is despotism. These two conditions of society seem unable to exist together among us; the equilibrium is constantly destroyed, either by the men who govern, or by the factions, and we know not how to be either slaves or freemen. Meanwhile we have plenty of revolutions and constitutions. Since 1789, we have had five or six governments. First, a king with a national assembly; next, five directors; after that, three consuls; later still, an emperor; after the emperor, the Bourbons of the old branch; after Charles X. Louis Philip. Each of these governments has modified, changed, restored or reformed ten times all our political institutions. After so many trials and reforms, it will be thought perhaps that we have at last attained to a stable and prosperous condition, and that the vessel of state, so long agitated by tempests, has entered into port.

But no—France is still and disturbed, threatened in her prospects. We have scarcely had a few weeks repose, and already new causes of disorder are springing up. You attempt to oppose the laws to this evil which devours us, but the evil defies the laws, and continues its audacious attempts against society. You try to stifle the factions by force, but the factions, repressed, for a moment, raise the head again more arrogant and shameless than ever. All imaginable remedies are employed to give the country internal peace, and peace seems to fly before us with constantly increased velocity. France may be compared to a sick man, tormented with a burning fever, who turns incessantly in his bed, takes every posture, is agitated in his whole system, and finds no repose; on the contrary, his continual tossing, his convulsive agitations weary and oppress him, and increase the fever which consumes him. So France has made trial of all forms of government: she has shifted from a monarchy to a republic, from a republic to military despotism, from despotism to representative government, and in spite of all these changes, she is still unable to find repose and prosperity. So far from it, she is now more filled with factions, more liable to new commotions than she was in 1789.

Men who stand aloof from the tumult, and who reflect on the destinies of empires, see in the perpetual commotions of France, a striking example of the

evils which afflict nations when they throw off the restraints of religion. When there is no religion among a people, there is no patriotism, no devotion to the public good; selfishness reigns absolute master; and soon shows itself, by attacking the persons and laws which oppose a barrier to its unrestrained pretensions. Let the laws and the principal officers of government in a country be thus every day attacked, calumniated, insulted, and ridiculed in caricatures, and public opinion become perverted, the character degraded, the soul degraded, and implacable hatreds in the heart. When all these means of disorder exist, how can a people be tranquil?—How can they be happy? It is easy to establish physical order by the bayonet; but the essential requisite for the durable prosperity of an empire is moral order. And this moral order, this principle in human society, is only found in connection with religion.

"How admirable," says the illustrious Montesquieu, "is the Christian religion, which seems to have for its object, only the happiness of another life, but secures our welfare in this world. True Christians make enlightened and obedient citizens; the more they deem they owe to religion, the more they think they owe to their country." (Spirit of Laws, book xxiv.) Without the gospel, there may be slaves, for fear takes the place of affection, and force of principle; but without the gospel there are no free men, no truly patriotic citizens. If any statesmen think otherwise, they have not reflected seriously on the causes which preserve and destroy national liberty.

"These reflections are prompted by the spectacle which France now presents. Physical order is restored—Vendée is quiet; commotions no longer disturb the streets of Paris—there is no firing of guns in our public places; but moral order is not found in our country. On the contrary, moral disorder exists in the public mind, in the journals, in the political associations; it walks with head erect, and bids defiance to the laws.

You recollect, perhaps, Mr. Editor, that I wrote you, five or six months since, a letter upon the working classes in France. I told you then that the spirit of improvidence and subordination which prevailed among these classes, was the most striking feature in our political condition, and that the working men would soon probably excite new disturbances. I was far from thinking, however, that these anticipations would be so speedily realized. You must have learnt by the journals that the journeyman tailors, printers and others, of Paris, have combined to demand higher wages. For several weeks, these conditions have occupied public attention. Force has been employed against the most numerous; some have been condemned to two or three years' imprisonment, and others have returned to their shops, but not before obtaining from their masters a part of their demands. This is evidently only a truce, a sort of suspension of arms between the citizens and the working men; they have come together for the moment, but they are not united among themselves. At the first favorable moment, new collisions will spring up, the struggle will be renewed, and God only knows what will be the result.

I ought here to explain a fact not known, perhaps to all your readers. The workmen who have combined, allege, in general, as the motive for their unlawful conduct, the insufficiency of their wages. But this, for the most part, only a false pretext.—The truth is, the best-paid workmen figure at the head of the coalition. The poor among them, who hardly gain enough to purchase a morsel of bread, are quiet; but the working tailors and carpenters who gain four or five francs a day, are the loudest in their complaints. Observe, too, that the period they selected to form their coalition is in which they had most labor, and could consequently easily procure abundant means of subsistence. It is not then because their wages were insufficient that they have associated against the established order; but they have acted from another motive, which they do not avow; that motive is a wish to occupy a more elevated place in the social scale. They aim to obtain new political rights; they aspire to a union with the citizens and landholders in electing the representatives of the nation. These pretensions have been suggested and fostered by infatuated journalists, and by intrigues, who wish to bring on another revolution, that they may obtain office.

The people have been flattered and told that they do not exert their proper influence in society, and that they should demand more extensive rights.—The working men have listened eagerly to these impudent flatterers; they have been led to think they have sufficient intelligence and worth to entitle them to unite with the landholders at the election of deputies; and they have combined to terrify the government, and thus to compel it to yield to their wishes.

How, in fact, would it be possible to confide such political rights to the working men who are, for the most part without education, without morals or principle, and cannot offer even the guaranty of the least property to make up for the moral qualifications they lack? If they were allowed to be electors, they would sell their votes, and suffer themselves to be deceived by political demagogues, with the delusive promise of a diminution of taxes and other chimeras. It would then, at present, be the height of imprudence to give the working classes the right of voting. They should be first instructed and made acquainted with the representative system; and be more moral, and adopt habits of providence and economy; they should show themselves capable of discriminating in their choice of public officers; in a word, they should be governed by principles of morality, and not by blind passion; then they might be electors; but at present their intervention in political affairs would plunge France into anarchy.

Such is one great cause of our troubles which may not soon terminate. On one side, the working men make arrogant pretensions and threaten to employ extreme measures, if they are not listened to. On the other, it is impossible to satisfy these pretensions without exposing the state to the most serious disorders. How shall we escape from this dilemma?—We know not—experience alone can instruct us in this respect, and God grant that this experience may not be accompanied with frightful catastrophes.

The republican party is another great cause of troubles in France. You must not confound the partisans of republicanism in our country with the honorable citizens who wish for free institutions, and who devote themselves to the common good.—Our French republicans are, in general, unprincipled and immoral intriguers; or else, enthusiastic, unreflecting, fanatical young men, who dream of a republic in France like the ancient republics of Sparta and Rome. There are no doubt, in the republican party, some capable and honest men, some philosophers whose knowledge of human society is derived wholly from the books which they read in their closets, and who propose no selfish end in the pursuit of theories. But the mass of this party are a collection of individuals, deserving of no esteem, confidence or credit.

The republicans, however, are increasing in number. This is not surprising, when you consider that they are joined by all the discontented, by young men who wish for a feverish state of excitement, at any price whatever, by all, in a word, who listen to the

call of their passions rather than to the voice of reason. These republicans have formed associations to make the best disposition of their forces, to agree upon measures to be taken against the present government, and to excite new commotions. They have formed a permanent conspiracy, an open, a shameless, licentious conspiracy, a conspiracy boasted of by its abettors as a courageous and sublime achievement!

The government, justly indignant at such audacity, has summoned the principal members of the Society of the Rights of Man before the tribunals, and the trial is now going on. But will you believe it—the republicans, so far from defending themselves as becomes the accused, insult the magistrates on the bench, in the very hall of justice; they proclaim their contempt for the charter and for all our laws; avow their intention to make a new revolution, and openly declare themselves enemies of the king, of public order, and of our present political institutions. At the same time they terrify by their menaces, the witnesses who come to depose against them, and are not afraid to say that the juries who shall dare pronounce them guilty, shall sooner or later feel their implacable vengeance.—Such is the condition to which we have arrived!—Such is the disorder now revealed to the eyes of all France. The conspirators will probably be acquitted, because the jurors, who are landholders, fathers of families and peaceable citizens, will not wish to expose their property, their children and their repose, to the resentment of these fanatics, who have nothing to lose by overthrowing the laws. Twenty-seven individuals, who were brought to the court of assizes, will return to their club, more arrogant than ever, proud of having triumphed over their political adversaries, and resolved to assemble in our public places, with swords and guns, whenever a favorable occasion shall offer. When a country has come to this pass, when the rulers and the laws are outraged with impunity, what security remains for the future?

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, your fellow citizens do not all form a correct notion of the republican party in France. In your country, the name of republican is honorable; you boast of it, and you have indeed rendered it illustrious, by noble virtues, and by the love of order and the laws. But in France, it is the reverse. Would you know what patron our republicans have chosen?—what man they admire as their model—their exemplar? This patron, this exemplar, is—will you believe it—now, after forty years have elapsed since the scaffolds of Terror were overthrown in dust and blood; this model of our republicans of 1833—I fear to write the fatal name, the infamous name;—ah well!—it is ROBESPIERRE—yes, ROBESPIERRE! The members of the Society of the Rights of Man, have lately published a manifesto, in which they adopt and proclaim the principles of Robespierre, the principles which the National Convention itself, that bloody assembly, rejected! Our republicans cite, every day, with eulogy, the name of the tyrant who perished on the 9th Thermidor, loaded with the curses of all France; they cherish with enthusiasm his memory! and no doubt, if they had the power of that ferocious dictator, they would employ it, like him, in making thousands of heads fall under the hands of the executioner. And such are the men who in our country bear the name of republicans.

The government itself has been alarmed at their audacity. It has heard with dismay the furious declamations of these pretended republicans; and the best accredited organ of the political press, the best edited Journal of France, the Journal des Debats, published in the number for yesterday, 14th Dec. an important article, tracing in strong lines the moral disorder in which we are involved.

"So long as moral order is not restored, (says this Journal,) in our view nothing is done. But what is this moral order? what the law, what the government that is to be respected? The charter? but it is perfectly understood now that the charter binds no one, unless it be the king and the ministry; it does not bind even those who have sworn to be faithful to it. The king? but unless you are blind or deaf, you must know that the king has no other privilege than that of being injured, outraged, calumniated above all other men in the land. The magistracy? you are jesting; why should the robe of a magistrate be respected, when no respect is shown to the king or charter? The jury are very good when they acquit; they are infamous when they condemn! Search well, you will not find one of the departments of government that escapes injury and calumny.

The picture is not too dark. But is this order? Is there order in a country where every man acknowledges only those laws which he chooses to acknowledge? Can there be disorder only where men are free? Who does not know that physical disorder is less frightful than moral disorder?"

I have copied the above extracts from this remarkable article because it paints vividly, but truly, our moral and political condition. And observe, it is not a severe moralist, or rigid preacher who wrote the lines you have just read; but a man of the world, the interpreter of the sentiments of the citizens, the semi-official organ of the government.—Surely he would not exaggerate the moral disorder—he would not overcharge the features of the picture—he would express aloud what enlightened men have for a long time said in private—he would boldly tear off the veil which covers our wounds.

But what remedy shall be applied to this moral disorder—how shall the wounds of France be healed? The members of the cabinet propose, it is said, to bring into the Chamber, a bill against political associations and combinations of workmen. It is indeed commendable, to endeavor to secure the country from new revolutions, by promulgating severe laws. But really, what can be hoped from three or four laws against the fomenters of anarchy? Are laws wanting? No, we have forty thousand laws, decrees and ordinances. There are more laws than are needed to maintain order and repress factions, if these laws were only respected and obeyed. But when the republicans do not respect even the charter, which is the law of laws, of what avail is any other legislation? When they outrage all the powers of society, will they allow themselves to be stopped by the barrier of some new penalty?

It is my deep conviction that the laws can do next to nothing, at this time, in our country, to restore to us peace and security. Laws cannot destroy moral disorder. To moral disorder, a moral remedy must be applied; that is to say, a remedy which is analogous to the evil. But what shall this moral remedy be? There will be a moral remedy, when selfishness is displaced by patriotism, when men are governed by principle, and not by their passions. But by what means shall this selfishness be destroyed? how will you inspire in the bosoms of the French people this elevated principle? You have already answered, you and all your readers; the great moral remedy, the means of regenerating France, is the Gospel!—the Gospel proclaimed, received, respected, put in practice! The Gospel controlling the mind, directing the conduct of citizens, presiding over all our political destinies! This is the only remedy; without the Gospel, without the Christian faith, there is no salvation for France!—O freemen of the United States—O Christians of America, aid us, aid us in this vast work!

The need of diffusing the principles of morality among our fellow citizens is felt more and more, and I rejoice to be able to tell you, in closing this letter, that the Caledonian Mercury announces that his

majesty, Louis Philip, has lately written, with his own hand, to the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, to inquire what method has been used to propagate the principles of morality among the people of Scotland. The king of the French then recognizes the necessity of new efforts for the diffusion of the principles of morality! This is an interesting fact, and may lead to important and happy consequences.

I am, &c. G. DE F.

TRAGICAL EVENT.

The following tragical story of a Mormon preacher is given by the editor of the Independent Messenger, on the authority of a gentleman from the western part of the State of New York. We shall expect to see it authenticated by the Western papers if it be true.—*Zion's Advocate.*

In a town where the delusion had made numerous converts, the disciples were summoned to assemble in a wild place, circumjacent to a pond, on the water of which a gifted elder announced that he should walk and preach. The believers notified their doubting friends, and great things were anticipated. But it seems there were a few wicked Lamanites, who secretly set themselves to make mischief. Choosing their opportunity, just before the appointed day of miracles, they ascertained, by means of a raft, that the pond to be traversed was extremely shallow—a thin sheet of water covering a common swamp mire. This mire was found to be of a consistency nearly strong enough, except within a small central space, to sustain the weight of a man.

They soon discovered a line of plank laid in a particular direction, completely across the pond, sunk about four inches under the surface of the water. These were so fastened down, and locked together, and so daubed with mud, as to be quite imperceptible from the neighboring declivity. They resolved on preventing the miracle by sawing the concealed bridge in pieces, but where it crossed the deepest and most dangerous part of the pond. This was done, and every thing left seeming as they found it. The expected day arrived, the congregation placed themselves as in an amphitheatre on the surrounding slopes, and the preacher appeared at the edge of the water. Presently he raised his stentorian voice, and as he paced his invisible bridge with a step apparently unceasingly, taught and warned the people. All ears were open, and every eye strained from its socket with astonishment. But alas! just as the miracle-worker seemed to have wrought conviction of his divine power in the wondering hearts of the multitude, lo! he stepped upon one of the detached pieces of plank, sallying sideways, and instantly plunged, floundering and sinking in the deep watery mire. The mingling shrieks, screams and shouts of the spectators, all in a rush of commotion, were appalling. The scene was indescribable. Even those who had spoiled the miracle, were filled with horror, when they actually saw the unfortunate impostor finally disappear. They had not dreamed that their trick would cost him more than the fright, discomfort and disgrace of being submerged, and afterwards struggling ashore; but all along taking for granted that his plank would enable him to swim, however it might treacherously fail him to walk. But the tale closes with the close of his life, and the consequent close of Mormonism in that vicinity. He sunk, and long before the confounded assembly were in a condition to afford him relief, perished a victim to his impious presumption.

From the N. Y. Observer.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In an article in the Observer some months ago, entitled "Auricular Confession," the writer stated that in looking into the Bible, he discovered that all the penitents mentioned therein, went directly to God to make their confessions of sin, and not to the priests, and he spoke of David, Daniel, Ezra, and Nehemiah, as examples in point. He finds, however, that he was mistaken in saying that they all confessed to God instead of the priests. There is one exception, and he is willing that the Catholics should have the advantage of it. It is the case of Judas Iscariot, recorded Matt. xxvii. 3, 4. He did not go to God with his confession. He went to the chief priests, and it was to them he said, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood."—Here we must confess, is an example of confession to a priest. But it is the only one, I believe, in the Bible. Judas also brought money (thirty pieces of silver), to the priests; so that the Catholics have authority, (such as it is) for that part of their practice. I am determined I will do the Catholics justice. They shall have the advantage of every particle of Scripture which really makes in their favor. It is well known that they need it.

But poor man! He got nothing by going to the priests. It was their cruel and contemptuous treatment of him, as much as any thing else, that determined him to go and hang himself. How different even Judas would have been treated, if he had gone with a broken heart to our great High Priest, Jesus! Ah! he had better gone to him whom he betrayed, than to them to whom he betrayed him. I think I shall always go to Him, notwithstanding the example of Judas.

M. S.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

The following interesting fact was related to us a short time since, by the venerable father of one of the most distinguished Christians of America. The father is still living; but the son has passed on to his reward.

The greatest attention had been paid to the moral cultivation of the lad; and he had maintained an unblemished reputation for veracity until the age of fourteen; when he was detected in a deliberate falsehood. The father's grief was great, and he determined to punish the offender severely. He made the subject one of prayer; for it was too important, in his esteem, to be passed as a common occurrence of the day. He then called his son, and prepared to inflict the punishment. But the fountain of the father's heart was broken up! He wept aloud. For a moment the lad seemed confused. He saw the struggle between love and justice in his parent's bosom—and broke out in all his wretched ingenuousness, "Father—father—whip me as much as you please, but don't cry." The point was gained. The father says the lad's character was sensibly affected by this incident, until laid in the grave. When it is necessary to punish children, let love be seen to be the motive which prompts us to the duty.—*Father's Magazine.*

IRRITABLE CHRISTIANS, READ THIS.

There was a clergyman, who was of nervous temperament, and often became quite vexed, by finding his little grand-children in his study. One day, one of these children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Do not want to go to heaven, my son?" "No, ma, I am sure I don't." "Why not, my son?" "Why, grand-pa will be there, won't he?" "Why, yes, I hope he will." "Well, as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew, whew, whew, what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go to heaven, if grand-pa is going to be there."—*Jobell's Mag.*

THE HUNGRY ARAB—A MORAL.—An Arab was once lost in the desert. For two days he found nothing to eat, and was about to die of hunger. Fortunately, he hit upon one of the wells which for the tracks across the desert; and while assuaging his thirst, found also a leathern bag on the sand. "God be praised!" said he, as he lifted it, "these, I think, must be either dates or nuts; how reviving they will be!" With these sweet anticipations, he opened and looked into the sack, and exclaimed in a mournful tone, "Alas! they are only pearls."

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY

Having been duly organized, are now ready to receive proposals for FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE. RANCE, at their office in State street a few doors west of Front street.

THIS Institution was incorporated by the Legislature of this State, for the purpose of effecting FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE. Its capital is ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, with liberty to increase the same to Half a Million. The first named sum is all paid in or secured, and the whole amount (\$150,000) is vested in Bank Funds, Mortgages, and approved endorsed notes; all which, on the shortest notice, could be converted into cash, and appropriated to the payment of losses. The Directors pledge themselves to issue policies on as favorable terms as any other Office in the United States, and by fairness and liberality in conducting the business of the Company, they expect to gain the confidence of the public. The following gentlemen are Directors of the Company:

Wm. W. Ellsworth,	Martin Cowles,
Solomon Porter,	Henry Waterman,
Jeremiah Wells,	Samuel Kellogg,
Merrick W. Chapin,	Daniel Hopkins,
James B. Hosmer,	Charles Sheldon,
Nathan Morgan,	Henry A. Perkins,
Henry Hudson,	Horatio Allen,
Roderick Terry,	Joshua P. Burham,
Edward Watkinson,	C. H. Northam,
Thomas C. Perkins,	D. F. Robinson.

WM. W. ELLSWORTH, President.
THOMAS C. PERKINS, Sec'y.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of C. R. & J. F. COMSTOCK, Main street, and COMSTOCK & CO., State street, is by mutual consent this day dissolved.

All persons having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle them immediately, at the store of Comstock & Co., Main street.

C. R. COMSTOCK,
J. F. COMSTOCK.

Hartford, Feb. 7.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers have formed a connection in business, under the firm of

Comstock & Co.

The Boot and Shoe business, in all its various branches, at Wholesale and Retail, will be continued at the old stand of C. R. & J. F. COMSTOCK, on Main street, and at their store in State street. Thankful for past patronage, they solicit a continuance. Measured work will be attended to with care and despatch.

C. R. COMSTOCK,
J. F. COMSTOCK,
DANIEL TOWNSEND.

Hartford, February 8.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE

BY F. J. HUNTINGTON,

MEMOIR OF ROGER WILLIAMS, the founder of the State of Rhode Island, by James D. Knollys, Professor of Pastoral duties in the Newton Theological Institution.

"Roger Williams justly claims the honor of having been the first legislator in the world, in later ages, that fully and effectually provided for an established, a full, free, and absolute liberty of conscience."—*Governor Hopkins.*

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM, an examination of Professor Stuart's essay, in the Biblical Repository, April, 1833, on the "Mode of Baptism," by Henry J. Ripley, Professor of Biblical Literature, in the Newton Theological Institution.

The Writings of Washington, with his Life, Notes and Illustrations. By Jared Sparks.

The Young Christian, by J. Abbott.

The Mother at Home, by J. S. C. Abbott.

The Child at Home, by J. S. C. Abbott.

PRINTING INK.

We, the undersigned, Printers and Publishers, of the city of Philadelphia, having used for some time back the Ink manufactured by Johnson & Durant, feel no hesitation in saying that we consider it equal if not superior to any now in use or manufactured in the U. States, in point of color and cleanness of impression.

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Exchange Buildings, 2 doors West U. S. Hotel.
Feb. 15.

TEAM TO BOSTON.

HENRY JOHNSON will run a four horse Team between Hartford and Boston regularly once in ten days, during the winter, or until the river is navigable. Freight to and from Boston taken at reasonable rates; and business confided to his care will be faithfully executed.

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